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Poetry.

THE ROBIN.

My old Welsh neighbor over the way,
Crept slowly out in the sun of spring,
Pushed from her ears the locks of gray,
And listened to hear the robin sing.

Her grandson playing at marbles stopped,
And cruel in sport, as boys will be,
Tossed a stone t the bird, who hopped
From bough to bough on the apple tree.

"Nay!" act the grandmother, "have you not heard,
My poor, bad boy! of the fiery pit,
And how, drop by drop, this merciful bird
Carries the water that quenches it?

He brings cool dew in his little bill,
And lets it fall on the souls of sin;
You can see the mark on his red breast still
Of fires that scorch as he drops it in.

My poor Iron ruddyn! my breast-burned bird,
Singing so sweetly from limb to limb,
Very dear to the heart of our Lord
Is he who pities the lost like him!"

"Amen!" said I, to the beautiful myth;
"Sing, bird of God, in my heart as well,
Each good thought to drop where with
To cool and lessen the fires of hell.

Prayers of love like rain drops fall,
Tears of pity are cooling dew,
And dear to the heart of our Lord are all
Who suffer like him in the good they do!"
—*John Greenleaf Whittier.*

THE BOY AT THE GATE.

I bet they ain't a man in the shop,
As works as hard as me, I do;
But the moment the whistle blows I stop,
An' the way I get out of the mill ain't slow,
For soon as six strikes, just as sure as fate,
My blue-eyed baby runs down to the gate.

Look, thar he is, he don't see me yet—
You can't har'ly see him under that hat;
He's a boy, every inch now, you just bet;
Purty? I'd smile, from his nu takas that;
He'll be two next month, the fifth's the date—
Waal!—that's the latest, climbing the gate!

I made him that cart, and painted it red—
My wife, she says he draws it all day,
An' every night he lugs it to bed;
Waal, I guess, an's chock full of play.
Got a kiss for pop? now hurl in goes?
Hullo! been tumblin' on your nose?

Thank God, I'm away from the noise uv my loom,
I believe it will drive me out uv my head;
It seemed to be sayin' all day, in the gloom,
This terrible word—dead, dead, dead, dead.
No use to hurry now, no one uli wait
An' watch for my comin' beside the gate.

There's my wife—O, to-night, what word shall I say
To her, when I go in without the boy?
If I walk through the field, it's the longest way,
But the birds an' flowers there may give me joy.
Here's a mildewed shoe on this rubbish heap
At baby wore when he used to creep.

On a river of tears, hope an' stronger faith
Have sailed this bour into my dark life,
An' now without pain I think uv his death,
An' I can go home to comfort my wife;
For I feel, when life's work is over, he'll wait
An' watch for our comin' beside Heaven's gate.
—*Mary M. McCarthy in the Springfield Republican.*

Our Story Teller.

IMPRISONED IN A CAVERN.

Twenty years ago, before the disappearance of the buffalos, and before the power of the Indian tribes had been broken, a white man could get almost any sort of adventure west of Omaha at a very early hour in the morning, says a writer in the New York *Sun*. The Blue mountain country of Oregon, in which rise two of the branches of the Columbia river, was once a hunter's paradise. I was there when a cinnamon and the grizzly bears grew the largest and were always aching for a row with some one. The first few white men in there after pelts chanced so many perils that it was almost a miracle if any of them get out alive. The Indians were numerous and watchful, bears and panthers drank as mice in a farm-house, and an adventure of some sort was sure to occur daily.

I had been in a bit of cove or valley on the eastern side of the mountains for ten or twelve days before I got anything like a scare. I was within forty miles of the south line of Washington territory, and the nearest I got to a hundred miles around me was in the same savage state as when Columbus discovered the continent. The Indians were further east, on the Snake river, or further west, on the Columbia and its branches, and only detached parties were to be feared. While this was a great burden on my mind, the bears and panthers were so numerous that I was in a state of constant alarm through the day and dared not shut both eyes to sleep at night. I had a pack and a riding mule, and on the first night of my arrival, while I had a bright fire burning and the animals were tethered within a stone's throw of my blanket spread upon old Bob, my riding mule, and clawed him in a terrible way before I could get near enough to settle him with a bullet. Three or four bears prowled around my camp all night, and the screams of a panther kept my eyes wide open until daybreak. However, after I had thinned out the enemy by a dozen or fifteen, the varmints began to give me a rest.

On the tenth or eleventh day of my stay I left camp at an early hour in the morning loaded for bear. I followed the valley up for half a mile, and then turned into a ravine which was filled to the depth of a foot by the melting of the snows. It ascended very gradually, and I had been following it for half an hour, when it took a sharp bend to the right. At this point there was a hole in the right hand cliff, and, as I halted to look at it, I wondered if it was not the home of some savage beast. I had moved on about five hundred feet when a grizzly, which had been lying down among the broken rocks, suddenly rose before me. I was looking for my mule, but his appearance was so sudden and he showed fight so quickly that my heart was beating altogether too fast as I pulled up for a shot. It had to be a snap shot, for not more than thirty feet separated us. Mine was a single-barreled rifle, and I also had a knife and revolver. The bullet struck him in the breast and killed him, and he spun around a dozen times like a top. I was reloading when he got ready to form a closer acquaintance. He had worked up the ravine and I had worked down, and we were now a hundred feet apart. I knew I could not finish loading before he reached me, and there was no other way but to run for it and hope that he was too seriously wounded to overtake me.

In those days I could run like a horse and I was accustomed to all sorts of ground, but I hadn't made ten jumps on this occasion before my feet slipped on a stone and I went down with a crash. Old grizzly was within twenty feet of me when I got up, and I pitched my rifle into his face as I took a new start. The roar he uttered lifted me a foot high, and I made a dozen extraordinary leaps, but it wasn't a minute before I realized that he was holding his ground, if not gaining a little. No man can guess how far a wounded and enraged beast will pursue him. I believed I could have kept ahead of the bear down to the mouth of the ravine, but if he pursued me far enough he would be certain to overtake me. I made up my mind as I ran that I would try the hole in the cliff. It was large enough for the bear, but once inside I could turn and use my revolver. Old grizzly was hardly more than a rod behind me when I plumped into the hole and scrambled ahead on hands and knees. After going in about ten feet the hole turned to the left and narrowed considerably, and seven or eight feet further on I came to the end. As I did so my hand encountered something soft and furry, and there was a hiss and a spit that told me that a kitten panther was present. I felt all around me in the black darkness, but the kitten was the only living object. He was a little fellow, not more than 4 or 6 weeks old, but ready to bite and scratch if my fingers touched him.

The grizzly did not follow at once into the cave. It was five minutes before I heard him working his way in, and by this time I had recovered my breath and nerve. I was certain he could not reach me within six feet, and was rather glad to hear him wheezing and snorting as he pulled himself along. By and by I saw his eyes shine. He could come no farther. His claws dug at the rocks and his roars of rage deafened me, but I was safe. It was now my turn, and I gave him two shots from the revolver, which caused him to redouble his roars of rage. For about ten minutes I felt very queer over the situation, but all of a sudden it struck me that I had gained nothing by the change. In place of being a fugitive I was a prisoner. The bear showed no disposition to retreat, and now I became aware of the fact that the cave had a rank smell, and that the body of the bear prevented the fresh air from entering. I felt that I must drive him out, and I did a very foolish thing. I edged nearer to him and put four bullets into his head, and after a long-drawn moan he closed his eyes and died. I congratulated myself for a moment, but then it dawned upon me that I had choked up the passage to liberty with the carcass of a bear weighing at least six hundred pounds. I thought I might push it before me, but when I made the attempt I could not stir it an inch. I had done an idiotic thing, and there was no way to repair the error.

I was wondering how I should get out of it, when I heard the scream of animal at the entrance of the cave, and in a moment more realized that the mother of the cub panther had arrived. It was well for me that the body of the bear blocked the entrance. The panther went wild with fury when her kitten began to cail. She bit and clawed at the bear, and by a great effort pulled it back a few inches. Had not the space been so contracted she could probably have drawn it out, but she did not have a fair show to use her strength. Her eyes looked at me over the body of the bear, and if one ever saw fury it was in those orbs. I gave her a couple of shots, hoping to drive her off. I think I wounded her in the head, for she set up a terrible screaming and ran on, but in two or three minutes she was back again with more fury than ever. I now pushed her kitten forward, hoping she would be appeased at its restoration. It climbed over the bear and reached her, and she took it in her mouth and backed out. I was a pleased man over the result for the cave was as hot as an oven, smelled powerfully stout of panthers, and the powder smoke almost stifled me. Being a bit rattled had brought on intense thirst, and I felt that I had got to do something pretty soon or suffocate.

Pretty soon I crept forward and began pushing at the big carcass, but had not been engaged over two or three minutes when the panther returned. She had carried her kitten to a place of safety and was now bent on revenge. She realized that the carcass must be got out of the way before she could come at me, and had I not seized the grizzly by the ears and hung on she would have pulled the body out of the cave. She hung to it for half an hour before she quit the job, and then she retired in a way which left no doubt that she would watch at the entrance.

When the panther had gone I struck a match and looked at my watch. It was nearly noon, and I was really suffering for water. There was a damp spot on the rocks over my head, and I licked it with my tongue and in that way got some relief, but I would have traded my whole outfit that day for one glass of cool water. I felt that I was in a bad box, and, as is generally the case in such instances, I thought of every way out of it but the easiest one. I reloaded my revolver and planned to wait until the panther would leave the neighborhood, but about 2 o'clock I suspected, from the movements in the tunnel, that the one I had encountered had hunted up her mate and brought him to the front. Such soon proved to be the fact, but as only one could enter at the time it was no advantage to them.

They took turns tugging at the carcass of the bear, and the newcomer would have dragged it out in short order but for my interference. There was a space of about six inches between the body and the roof of the tunnel, and, the first few times of the powder almost choked me, I shoved my revolver along until close to the panther, and then put two bullets into him. He let go his hold and backed out, and the way he did rave up and down that ravine made my hair stand. I had wounded both and neither of them returned into place again. For about an hour I heard them growling and snarling outside, and every click of their claws on the rocks was plainly audible, but by and by they gave it up as a bad job and went away

It was now close on to 3 o'clock, and I went at the carcass with the determination to push it before me. It was too late; the limbs had stiffened like sticks, and the feet caught at every inequality and resisted my efforts. There I was, a man of thirty, a giant in strength, a born hunter and Indian fighter, penned up like a rat and just as helpless. It came to me, even with all that meat before me, that I was doomed to die of hunger, and it was only as the sun had almost been lost sight of outside, that common sense returned to my aid. The way to rid myself of that carcass was to cut it up. It ought to have occurred to me at the very outset, but the race and close pursuit had upset me. I had my hunting knife, and I had just begun work on the bear when I heard the voices of Indians outside. I also heard them inside, for one of the fellows crept into the tunnel a few feet and shouted in his own language to his friends outside:

"It smells very strong of bear in here, but the beast doesn't seem to be at home."

He backed out after flinging several missiles into the rear of the cave, and from the voice and movements I was satisfied that it was a hunting party numbering eight or ten persons. They sat down right there for the night and built a camp fire, and I reloaded and listened to the sounds in the tunnel, and kept their chatter a-going until nearly midnight. They had three or four dogs with them and the miserable curs took turns at sticking their heads into the opening and trying to raise an alarm. One of the Indians encouraged his dog to enter, and the animal came almost to the dead bear and raised such a howl that had the red men been the least suspicious they would have investigated. I did not get a wink of sleep that long night, and was a thankful man to hear the Indians move off in the morning about sunrise. They left me power (sparing) than I felt to work upon the bear, and in the course of half an hour had cut him up so that I could squeeze out. As the Indians had gone down the ravine from the mountain I expected they would discover my camp and lie in ambush for me. There was also a likelihood that the wild beasts had killed both mules during the night.

Luck was with me, however. The Indians crossed the valley, too high up to discover me, and that night I found the mules safe and sound. That afternoon, as I was looking after some traps set on a creek about a mile from camp, I found a panther dead in a thicket. He was an enormous fellow and had two bullet wounds, and it did not need much cogitating to convince me that he was the male and the pair which sought to get at me in the cave. One of the bullets had gone square into his head, and almost any other animal would have died at once, but he had not only survived it two or three hours, but had traveled a long five miles from the cave.

Capturing a Ghost.

About 1 o'clock yesterday morning two young ladies who live with Mrs. Margaret Kirby, 825 Forrest street, screamed and cried out that they had seen a ghost in the back yard and that it was trying to get into the house. Mrs. Kirby looked out of the back window and saw an object as high as a man, covered from head to foot with a white sheet. She was a little frightened, but plucked up courage enough to ask what it wanted. It answered in a man's voice saying it was a good friend of hers, calling her by the name of a lady who formerly lived there. He knocked for admission repeatedly. She slipped on a wrapper, ran down to the front door and rapped as hard as she could on the pavement with a broomstick. The night being warm and still several neighbors and Policeman Finnerty heard the rapping and answered it. When they got to the door the ghost had come out of the yard on Forrest street and was running toward Eager street. After a chase of about two block the policeman captured the ghost who proved to be a penitentiary convict named Harrison Davis, who had served nine years and a half of a ten years' sentence for horse stealing in Wicomico county. He said it was pretty warm up in the third story of the penitentiary where he resided, and that he had let himself down to the yard below with his bedsheet, which he wrapped around his convict suit which would betray him. He climbed over the prison wall and got into Mrs. Kirby's yard. It was such a neat, quiet job that the guards knew nothing about the escape.—*Baltimore American.*

A Well-Founded Report.

Miss Ethel (confidentially)—Do you know, Clara, that I had two offers of marriage last week?

Miss Clara (with enthusiasm)—Oh, I am delighted, dear! Then the report is really true that your uncle left you his money.—*Life.*

A Deserved Vacation.

Smith—I see by the papers that the Dey of Algiers is dead.

Jones—I'm glad to hear it. It's time death took a day off.—*Texas Siftings.*

BIRCH BARK CANOE LORE.

A Description of the Methods of Construction—Where the Bark Is Found.

Birch and canvas canoes are greatly increasing in popularity. At most of the summer resorts this season they will supersede all other craft that have to be propelled by hand. There are several reasons for this renewal of favor. They are not hard to propel; they are pretty and in experienced hands perfectly safe. They are also indispensable to sportsmen. So general is the favor in which these light and graceful boats are held that the building of them has become quite an industry in Maine, especially along the Penobscot river.

If properly handled a good canoe will safely hold four men. Canoes intended for deep water should have considerable depth. Those intended for shoal water, such as trout-fishers use, are made as flat as possible. Up to the time when canoeing was introduced the materials for building craft of this kind could be found all along the Penobscot river. Big birch trees grew in countless numbers, and clear, straight cedar was quite as plentiful within a few feet of the water's edge. Now one must go miles back into the dense forests for such materials, and even then seldom does it happen that two suitable trees are found within sight one of the other. Cedar is the harder of the two to find. It is from the outer bark of the white birch that all bark for canoes comes. The difference in color depends upon the time of the year that the tree is denuded. The inner side of the bark has a reddish-brown color in winter, and a smooth, golden color in summer. The winter-peeled bark is preferable for canoe-building, because it is tougher, and can be more easily experimented. In selecting a tree the canoe-builder looks for one about a foot in diameter. In felling it he cuts it so as to have it fall across two logs, in order that it may not touch the ground. With a large knife having a curved blade he whips off the outer bark, and then "toasts" it near a fire, after which it is rolled and ready for transportation.

Although the Indian was the first to build these simple little boats, his white brother is much more at home in the the work. But while the red man cannot build so neatly and so cleverly as the white man, he can outdo him in navigating the craft over and over again. The only tools required in building a canoe are a knife and awl, a draw-shave and a hammer. Sometimes an Indian will do all of his work with a knife. When ready to put his boat together the builder drives several stakes in the ground, and thus frames the craft. The barkis retoasted and fitted to the frame, the gunwales, strips of clear, stripped cedars, are placed, and the top edges of the bark are secured to them by means of copper nails. Thin shaved cedar is used to line the craft, after which a number of cedar timbers are "sprung" into place. Cane thread is used to sew the cuts in the bark made while shaping it, after which it is gummed over with a resin and oil paste. Narrow ash thwarts and strips of canvas are glued over the ends of the canoe, where the bark sheets meet, and the boat is done. Poplar and ash supply the paddles, and all that remains to be done is to launch the craft and float away.

Several years ago canvas began to be used extensively in canoe-building, instead of birch-bark, but it will never entirely supersede birch, for nothing can be found that bends so gracefully. There are several canvas-canoe factories in Maine, but the canoes made of canvas have neither the symmetry nor the durability of the birches. They are a trifle cheaper, however, but if pleasure and profit are wanted, one should never have anything but a bark craft.—*Baltimore American.*

DIAMOND SHAVINGS.

She Knew the Game.

"Maria," said Brown to Mrs. B., "the married men in our place are going to play a game of base ball with the single ones."

"Well, if the married men are all like you," replied Mrs. Brown, "they'll lose the game."

"Why?"

"They'll be too long getting home."

She Began to See Through It.

Young lady at a base ball game in the last half of the ninth inning (to escort)—Tell me, Harry, what is that man in the middle of the square all the time throwing that ball at the man with his back to us for?—*The Idea.*

Rattled.

Captain—"What made you drop that pop fly? It was an awful error."

Stoughton, '91—"Captain, I got so rattled that I saw six balls."

Captain (crossly)—"I should think you might have caught one of them, at least."—*Harvard Lampoon.*

She Wouldn't Sign Him.

"I have no reason to doubt your sincerity, Mr. Hankinson," said the young lady, with unaffecting sadness, "but I saw you in that amateur game at the park, last Saturday, and my feelings toward you have undergone a change. A young man that can't s eal a bag and strikes out six times is no good. I am sorry, Mr. Hankinson, but I can't sign you as a husband."—*Chicago Tribune.*

An Object of Charity.

Fat Tramp—Can't you lend a poor feller bein' a dollar?

American Youth—Get out! You look as if you'd had five square meals a day all your life. You're not hungry.

"No, sir, I'm not hungry nor thirsty neither. I do odd jobs around free lunch saloons fer a livin'; but I ain't got no money to see the base ball game to-day."

"Poor fellow! Here's a dollar."—*Omaha World.*

She Was Not Enthusiastic.

He (at the Boston Ball Grounds)—Are you interested in base ball, Miss Penelope?

She—Only mildly so.

He—Isn't that Kelley at the bat?

She—Yes, and he has made a hit (excited)—Oh, watch how beautifully he picks up his feet, and he is sliding for second (shouting)—Good boy, Kelley!—*Judge.*

Important if True.

First Baseball Crank—How does the game stand, Billy?

Second Baseball Crank—Eight to fourteen.

First Baseball Crank—Whose ahead?

Second Baseball Crank.—Fourteen.—*Time.*

A Better Short Stop.

"Do you like Browning, dear?" asked a Pittsburg girl visiting in Boston, and who thought she must converse on subjects with which Bostonians are supposed to be most familiar.

"I don't think I ever saw him play," was the reply, "but I fancy he cannot be as good as Mr. Reily at the bat."—*Pittsburg Chronicle-Dispatch.*

The Perils of the Stage.

Mr. Washington Pye (of Windham, Conn., to Miss Veloutine Fay)—Your profession, Miss Fay, must surround you with many temptations.

Miss Veloutine Fay (chambermaid and general utility, $15 a week on the road)—Temptations! I should smile! I've been pretty near tempted lately, to learn typewriting or take in plain sewing. Say, is there an opening for a daisy washwoman up your way? I've got to have something to eat between this and September.—*Puck.*

A Very Cruel Man.

Judge (to prosecuting witness)—"Have you any real cause of complaint against your husband?"

Wife—"Yes, sir. He refuses to buy me a new bonnet, and I haven't had a silk dress for two years."

Judge—"But I thought he came home drunk and beat you over the head with a chair?"

Wife—"Well, he did; but I wouldn't count that if I could get the dress and the bonnet."—*Washington Critic.*

An Apt Application.

Mrs. S.—See, here, my boy, Mr. Brown doesn't like you to swing on his gate.

Precocious boy (who has lately been to Sunday school)—Well, I don't care for Mr. Brown, nor his man servant, nor his maid servant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor anything that is his."—*Rural New Yorker.*

Severe Punishment.

Visitor (to convict)—"Might I inquire what book that is you are reading?"

Convict—"Certainly, sir. It is Emerson's 'Over Soul.'"

Visitor (indignantly)—"Great Scott! What a fiendish punishment."—*Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.*

LIGHTNING ROD MYTHS.

Electricians Declare That More Harm Than Good Comes From Their Use.

"Lightning rods are going out of use. Why? Because they are not believed to be the protection that it was once thought they were." This was what an electrician once told a reporter. Fifteen years ago the lightning rod agent was everywhere in the land, and more especialy at every farmer's door. To day, it is claimed, their number has materially decreased, and farmers are discontinuing the use of them.

"What is your opinion upon the subject of lightning rods?" was asked of Chief Walker, of the city electrical department.

"Candidly, in nine cases out of ten," he replied, "I think they are humbugs. I believe it is a fact that more barns are struck and burned that have lightning rods on than with them off. In the first place, it is best to keep electricity as far away from a building as possible. The object of the lightning rod is to attract it. The rod is supposed to act as a conductor of the electrical current to the earth, but instead of being carried off, the current, in consequence of faulty construction of the rod or attachments, is frequently switched into the building. The end of the wire is supposed to be buried in moist earth, the moisture acting as a good conductor. Without strict attention the iron becomes oxodized and rusts off, and then the rod is worse than nothing. It is a positive danger under such circumstances, attracting the electricity of the atmosphere and having no adequate outlet for it. Then, again, the same danger arises when the insulators upon the sides of the building become defective. The lightning is attracted from the atmosphere, where it might have remained but for the rod, and it is turned loose against the building on its way to the earth. If, for instance, the attachments on a barn are poor or worn out the current may be deflected and set fire to the building. This is no uncommon occurrence. In this city some years ago the rod on the Belmont water works was struck and it fused. The current flowed on down and played about the machinery in the liviest kind of a way. A big stone was knocked off the Washington monument by lightning. When the ground contact is good and the lightning is about to strike a building a rod may be of use, but I think the rods do more harm than good. There was a time when farmers were scared into rodding their barns and houses, but I think they are getting over that."

An entirely different view was taken by a lightning rod manufacturer, who is one of the largest producers of the article in the United States.

"No," said he, "it is not true that the demand for the rods is falling off. The business this spring is not quite so lively as at this time last year, but the season is a little late. It is all nonsense to say that the use of lightning rods as a protection for buildings is a fraud. I think that has been established long ago. Electricians may theorize upon the subject, but that does not count much against the practical test of their utility. Much of the prejudice existing against the rods is due to the poor workmanship in setting them. In such cases the rods got the blame very unjustly.

"Every man knows the principle on which a lightning rod works. It is composed of iron or copper, or a combination of both these metals. They are good conductors of the electric current and draw it down to the earth when it comes dangerously close to a building. There are about forty varieties of iron rod, the copper being the best, as that metal is the best conductor. Here is another cause for prejudice against the rods. A man puts up one rod at the end of the barn, for instance, takes no care of it whatever and then expects that one rod to watch over the entire barn. In such cases the rod is supposed to act as a conductor of the electrical current to the earth, but instead of being carried off, the current, in consequence of faulty construction of the rod or attachments, is frequently switched into the building. The end of the wire is supposed to be buried in moist earth, the moisture acting as a good conductor. Without strict attention the iron becomes oxodized and rusts off, and then the rod is worse than nothing. It is a positive danger under such circumstances, attracting the electricity of the atmosphere and having no adequate outlet for it. Then, again, the same danger arises when the insulators upon the sides of the building become defective. The lightning is attracted from the atmosphere, where it might have remained but for the rod, and it is turned loose against the building on its way to the earth. If, for instance, the attachments on a barn are poor or worn out the current may be deflected and set fire to the building. This is no uncommon occurrence. In this city some years ago the rod on the Belmont water works was struck and it fused. The current flowed on down and played about the machinery in the liviest kind of a way. A big stone was knocked off the Washington monument by lightning. When the ground contact is good and the lightning is about to strike a building a rod may be of use, but I think the rods do more harm than good. There was a time when farmers were scared into rodding their barns and houses, but I think they are getting over that."

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Three Beautiful Flowers.

Countesse Louise Erdody originated from seed of Alexander von Humboldt hybridized with argentea cupreata by the gardner of Count Erdody, a Hungarian nobleman. The leaf has a metallic lustre, dark silvery in the center, shading into coppery rose toward the margin. The veins are yellowish green on both sides of the leaf. The striking peculiarity of this begonia consists in the fact that the two lobes at the base of the leaf do not grow side by side, nor overlap, as do others of this class, but one of them grows on a screw-like way until in a full-grown leaf it shows a spiral of four complete windings nearly two inches high.

A new shrub has rather a long name—desmodium penduliflorum, or "sweet-pea shrub." A florist says of it: "The dull time in autumn is usually hardly felt, as it are used in early spring and in late summer, and this plant fills out this great void of autumn with thousands and thousands of its red pea blossoms in its luxuriant profusion. It has an annual top that shoots up to three and five feet high, and branches into innumerable delicate dropping sprays that are simply covered in the greatest profusion, a splendid variety." S. Obiata: "A new species of syringa from China which is the most striking in the matter of foliage of any lilac known. Its leaves are very large and glossy, and the shape is unique. This is a broad heart shape, with a very deep sinus at the broad end. It does not mildew a particle, and has showy dark-purple flowers."

A Woman Lawyer's First Plea.

Carrie B. Kilgore, Esq., yesterday argued her first case in the Orphans' court. The event has a special interest as occurring on the same day that the doctors of the County Medical society made up their minds to admit a female member. Judging from the reports of it that have been published, Mrs. Kilgore's argument was, talking all in all, a very good one. For instance, she was decidedly and entirely right in declaring that the "damns" which the maker of a certain testament in controversy had freely used were "horrid things." They certainly were horrid, and the using of such language is to be reprehended on every possible occasion. Unfortunately for Mrs. Kilgore's argument, however, the free use of "damns" is not necessarily a proof of insanity, or even feebleness of intellect.—*Philadelphia Telegraph.*

IMPROVING ON THE WATCH.

Inventors Perfecting the Works of the Pocket Timepiece.

"The brain work on a watch," said a jeweller yesterday, "is about all in the making of the machines and instruments used in the manufacture of the watch. Each factory has its inventors, who are constantly at work on the machinery, which is improved every year. The machines are very costly, but they are easily used, and after a little practice the employe can feed them, and thousands of screws or wheels are turned out in an hour.

"There are at least twelve watch factories in this country, four of which—the Elgin, the Waltham, the United company, at Waltham, and the Waterbury factories — turn out 2,000 watches in a day. Many of them are sold in this country, but many find a market abroad. The American watches excel the English timepieces. In England watchmaking is an art. It was the art of three years ago. There is no money back of the manufacture. There are no factories there as in this country, where one machine will cost as much as the whole shop in England. Watchmaking, or, more properly, watch repairing, is a good trade, and it would be better if more young men had acquired it. The increasing demand for watches makes more workmen necessary to keep them in repair. Watchmakers serve seven years without pay in learing the trade. But after they have mastered the business they can command excellent wages. There are places for competent watch repairers in this city."—*Troy Times.*

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RAILROAD BUILDING IN ASIA.

Talk with a Russian Engineer Who Has Pierced a Wild Country.

I was directed to Mr. Mestcherin's private residence, which lies near the Moscow railway station, across a couple of miles of streets. There I received a hospitable welcome, and over a tumbler of lemon-flavored tea we plunged into the subject of railway-making in central Asia.

"It is quite simple," said Mr. Mestcherim, "quite simple. The line is made for a thousand miles. All is peaceful, and, what is not less important, it already pays its working expenses."

"But," said I, "the line was not originally projected as a commercial enterprise?"

"By no means," said Mr. Mestcherin; "it was *ab initio* a war railway. It has been constructed by the military departments. The actual work of laying the rails was performed by soldiers in order that soldiers might use the line."

"When was it begun?"

"It was first projected by Gen. Annenkoff after the opening of the campaign against the Akhal Tekkes in 1877. It was begun in 1881, in order to facilitate the operations begun by Gen. Skobeleff for the reduction of the Tekkes in 1881. Originally it was only intended to carry it as far as Kizil Arvat, the first Tekke fort captured by the Russians, which is distant 217 versts or nearly 150 miles from the Caspian."

"What led you to decide to carry it further East?"

"The threatened war in the Murghab in 1885, which you call the Penj-deh dispute. When it seemed as if the differences about the boundary of Afghanistan would result in war, the order was given to carry the line eastward to Samarcand. This was April, 1885."

It was the old story of civilization getting a lift on the powder-cart. Because the Afghans seized Penj-deh and were brushed out of it roughly by Col. Komaroff, it is now possible to travel for 1,000 miles in a first-class railway carriage into the heart of Central Asia and to make the pilgrimage by rail to the tomb of Tamerlane. The Central Asian railway seems to be the one solid, useful fruit that resulted from that idiotic dispute. But it seemed strange to me that a railway so extended could be constructed so rapidly through a country so lately subdued with apparently so little peril from the fierce marauders of whose utter subjugation it was the outward and visible sign. So I asked Mr. Mestcherin whether they had not had great difficulty in preventing the Tekkes from destroying the line as fast as it was made.

"Destroying the line!" said he. "Certainly not. Why, it was they who made it. The whole of the earthwork, etc.—everything, in short, that could be done by unskilled labor—was done by the Tekkes and Persians. They were delighted at the opportunity the line afforded them of earning regular wages, and we have never had the slightest trouble with them.

"How many were employed in the construction of the line?"

"The technical work was done by two battallions—railway battallions—of our soldiers, or say, 1,000 men, trained in the art of railway making. The laborers numbered 5,000. They were almost exclusively natives of the country through which the railway passes. Instead of fighting against us and making slaves of their neighbors, they have worked cheerfully for very small wages in making the line. It would have been difficult to have constructed it at all without their help. The heat in those parts is something terrible, touching 58 degrees Reaumur, which is about 160 degrees Fahrenheit. Not only are the natives better accustomed to the climate, but their labor is very cheap."

"About what price?"

"When the railway was begun the wage for a native laborer averaged 15 copecks, or say 3d. a day. Now the demand for labor has doubled the daily wages of the Tekkes. Sixpence a day is now the minimum, with a tendency to rise to 7d."—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

HABIT IN MEN AND WOMEN.

Peculiarities Easily Acquired but Hard to Shake Off.

Force of habit is responsible for some strange performances. I know a man who never knocks his fingers against anything, or skins his knuckles, but he straightway puts his hand to his mouth and deliberately kisses the wounded place. The "kiss it and make it well" remedy of the nursery was so impressed upon his boyish mind that now, although he has boys of his own, he cannot shake off the trick.

Talking of kissing, I know a man who became so habituated to kissing his wife in the hall directly he came home from business in the evening, that one night when his pretty sister-in-law opened the door he kissed her, much to her surprise.

Habit will become a master to a man. A writer with whom I am well acquainted cannot write a line of his daily contribution to a certain newspaper until his watch is smiling assurance and keeping time on the desk in front of him. Into this habit he has fallen upon his watch he was betrayed by another habit he has of putting off work till the last possible moment. It first became a matter of necessity for him to write against time; thus he came to make an intimate acquaintance with his watch, until to-day, no matter whether he be pressed for time or not, he cannot write a line without the watch at the top of the page. He says the watch does far more than merely tell him the time of day; it suggests thoughts, recalls memories, and acts as a sort of mechanical mentor to him.

At times it is a dangerous thing to submit to the dominance of a habit. I account for my inability to vaccinate and otherwise, of many men on the theory that they are the victims of acquired habits. They have allowed a slight tendency in a certain direction to break from a walk to a trot, from a trot to a canter, from a canter to a gallop, until in some one respect people are justified in calling them cranks.

I know a man who is regarded by the majority of his fellows as a misanthrope. His companions are mistaken. He is not misanthropic at heart, but a misanthrope is a habit long ago contracted, and which has grown upon him. He does not mean to condemn his family, his friends, his circumstances in general and the nation at large to a fiery fate, as his words would make it appear he did. I know that he is an excellent friend, a good husband, a good citizen in more respects than most of us can boast, and pre-eminently I know him to be a lover of his fellow men, a lover whose affection doesn't curl up and die at the mouth of his purse. How would you account for this seeming anomaly? I say he is a victim of habit.

The fairer and far better sex take to hats and bonnets and bustles with enthusiasm. They never shed their habits, either, except in rare cases, where a ring with a man tied to it works a transformation. There is more regularity and a greater love for system and order, sometimes developed under the name of "reading-up," in women than there is in man. And it's a narrow partition that divides the systematic from the habitual.

What would the average nursery look like if a man had charge of it say for twenty-four hours? I pity the luckless babe in a nursery ruled by a masculine monarch. Think of the baby's cradle upside down! The baby chewing the fire irons! The paregoric next door neighbor to a big bottle labeled poison!—and think of the man tearing his hair in the foreground. In fact, sometimes when I've seen a woman educe order from rank disorder, I have been tempted to believe that the world would fly off its axis, lose its balance, shake off its atmosphere and career about space like a toy balloon in a tempest, if women, the nearest of His creatures to the Creator, were not in the majority in all lands.—*Pittsburg Dispatch.*

Hoping for the Best.

Bilkins—I say, Jallop, how is your good wife? I have not seen her for a long time.

Jallop (solemnly)—I hope 'tis well with her, but I have my fears.

Bilkins—What is wrong—is she ill?

Jallop—No; she's been called to her last account, and I'm in doubt about the condition of her credits.—*The San Francisco Post.*

Proof Positive.

Woman (kindly)—"You say you are very hungry, my poor man; that you have had but little to eat for several days?"

Tramp (very earnestly)—"Madam, there is a wooden toothpick that has lasted me nearly three weeks."—*The Epoch.*

Our Serial Story.

STRONG HEART AND STEADY HAND.

BY D. R. LOCKE.

CHAPTER VIII—CONTINUED.

Harry would not complain of the surveillance which had its origin in so kind an impulse of the Chinamen to protect their friend at all hazards. About as soon as it was safe after dark, Harry went again to see the man, who was able to talk.

"Look here," said Harry, after a mute inspection of the man's troubled, despairing, dogged face, "it seems to me you are in trouble of some sort—I don't want to know what it is, but just say the word. How is any one to help you? You must be in tr

Recent Literature.

SUMMER LITERATURE.

John Ward, Preacher—Missouri: A Bone of Contention—The Russian Peasantry—The Land of the Pueblos—Stray Leaves from Newport—Nellie Haverland—A Hard-Won Victory—An Ocean Tramp—Literary Notes.

"John Ward, Preacher," by Margaret Deland, is published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. This is one of the strongest of theological novels, and at the same time the work has a delicate subtlety and vivid realism which are rarely equalled. The motive is to show how a difference in religious belief of husband and wife often brings the most momentous consequences.

John Ward is a Calvinist of the martyr type. Gentle, loving, spiritual, he is strong in his belief in his own way of religious thinking. His young wife is, if anything an agnostic, whom he knows that it is his duty to convert to Calvinism, but who will not be drawn into argument, and, therefore, content in her love, he postpones his endeavor to convince her of her errors.

The situation could not last. The sudden death, while heroically attempting the rescue of a child from fire, of a drunken workman is the means of precipitating a crisis. Helen Ward, indignant at the declaration of one of her husband's deacons that the dead man is inevitably lost, tells the widow that there is no hell, and that her late husband is certainly not in any such place. Thenceforward the preacher's wife is marked as a heretic, and both she and John Ward are pursued by popular censure, and more directly by the deacon whose doctrine Helen had traversed so boldly. The struggle which now begins between the husband and wife is described with great skill and force. Gradually he comes to believe that he is sinning against Helen by his shrinking from any attempt at her conversion to his belief. He preaches a strong doctrinal sermon, and the only result was a declaration of her entire disbelief in eternal punishment. Shortly after she goes home on a visit, and in an utter agony of mind he writes that she can not return to him until she has found the truth.

This practically is a decree of hopeless separation between two who love each other entirely. She is too true to say that she believes when she does not, and at the same time she knows that her husband's apparent cruelty is the result of his deep and enduring love. She will never know him, never doubts him and his motives from first to last, but she knows that it is utterly impossible for her ever to accept what he holds as truth. There is absolutely no compromise in the situation upon either side.

The development of such a plot in a satisfactory manner required the keenest understanding of the workings of the human heart, and the power to analyze motives, but the author has nowhere failed. From first to last her characters are true to themselves. The narrowness of John Ward's character is not concealed, at the same time his manliness, his exalted life, and his gentleness, both attract and repel the reader, while Helen, comprehending him always, loyal ever, full of tenderness commands the admiration from the beginning. It is a book well worth the reading.

From the same publishers comes the last of the series of "American Commonwealths" edited by Horace Scudder. It is entitled "Missouri, a Bone of Contention," by Lucien Carr, and is, perhaps, the most interesting of the series. The first seven chapters are devoted to the early history of Missouri during its Territorial existence. One chapter is devoted to a clear explanation to that memorable event in political history, "The Missouri Compromise," another to the Kansas troubles and the border war, and four chapters to the period of the war of secession. The book well be characterized as "a bone of contention." It is a volume rich in its historical facts and elegant in its literary style.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co. also publish in a handsomely bound and clearly printed volume, "The King of Folly Island and Other People," by Sarah Orne Jewett. The volume is made up of eight stories. All but one of them have appeared either in the *Atlantic, Harper's or Scribner's Magazine*. "A Village Shop" is given for the first time. The author has won so wide a popularity for her writings that this volume will be most welcome for summer reading.

"The Russian Peasantry," by Stepniak, is a careful description of their agrarian condition, social life and religion by one who appears to know what he is saying, and says it earnestly. He says in the preface that the deep seated democratic feeling of the educated classes of Russia, which has been the main-spring of the political rebellion, has led them to desire to know the condition of the people, and a large number of prominent writers have devoted themselves to bringing to light the condition, needs and hopes of the toiling masses. In the present work the author has endeavored to lay before the English readers some of the conditions of the Russian peasantry. The work will be found very interesting now when Russia is playing so important a part in European politics. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York.

"The Land of the Pueblos," by Susan E. Wallace," is published by John B. Alden, New York, and is one of the brightest and most entertaining books of that character which has been published in many a day. She makes the picturesque, romantic and always curious scenes which she describes a vivid reality. The story of an ancient American civilization—it not as old as that of Egypt, yet even more deeply shrouded in mystery—is a fascinating one, and ought to be familiar as may be to all American readers. The volume cannot fail to find many pleased and interested readers. Mrs. Wallace is the wife of Gen Lew Wallace, the author of "Ben Hur," which has gained a world-wide reputation.

"Stray Leaves from Newport," by Mrs. William Lamont Wheeler, is published by Cupples & Hurd, Boston, and a beautiful book it is in every particular. The print is clear and the binding exceedingly unique. The volume is made up of stories and sketches, of which the following are the titles: "The Cliffs — Rosebank, Ochre Point," "General Albert Gallatin Lawrence, Newport Post Commander, G. A. R., Hero of Ft. Fisher," "Sentiment and Seaweed," "My Wife. Where is she? A Newport Middy-Evil Romance." "Our Boy, A Newport Domestic Sketch," "Fata Morgana—On Newport Bay." Mrs. Wheeler is familiar with Newport, and is a graceful writer.

A new and special edition of Miss Douglas's superior novel, "Lost in a Great City," is issued in pamphlet form by Lee & Shepard, Boston. It introduces the reader to a child of seven, the daughter of a Hungarian nobleman, who at this time had gone to Hungary on important business, leaving her with her mother, a native of New York, where they were living. The mother dies, leaving the daughter in charge of the nurse maid, who is instructed to keep her until her father's return. In crossing Broadway, the maid is knocked down and the frantic girl rushes down the street towards the Bowery. Here the real story begins, and henceforth it increases in power and interest, as the many strange scenes are told with all Miss Douglas's well known ability as a novelist.

"Nellie Harland, by Elmer E. Vance, is further entitled "A Romance of Rail and Wire," and is published by G. W. Dillingham, New York. The story is opened at a small railway station on the main line of a through route to the far West. It is full of incident and ends happily.

"A Hard Won Victory," by Grace Denis Litchfield, is published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. It is one of those stories of home life full of touching incident and leading to better thoughts. Hardly won indeed is the victory which came at last to the beautiful heroine whose struggles cannot but touch the heart of every reader. It is a pretty story well told.

"An Ocean Tramp," by Philip D. Heywood is published by D. Lothrop company, Boston. Price $1.25. We have seen nothing for a long time more realistically descriptive of life at sea than this little book of Mr. Heywood's. It is not a story in the general acceptance of the term, but a plain matter of-fact narrative of the experiences of a country boy of seventeen, who ran away from home to go to sea, and who after an adventurous life of a dozen years came back to find his parents dead, the remainder of the family scattered, and the old homestead in ruins. The book is brim full of adventure, and is evidently written by one thoroughly conversant with the life he depicts and the places he describes. It is well illustrated.

Literary Notes.

Christie Murray, the English novelist, is about to publish a volume of poems.

The *Atlantic* is to publish a new story by Thomas Hardy entitled "Passe Rose."

Next month *Lippincott* will present Mrs. Maud Howe Elliot's novel of "Mammon."

Carl Schurz is preparing a study of Bismarck's career for an early number of the *Forum*.

William H. Downes begins in the July *Atlantic* a series of papers on "Boston Painters and Paintings."

Edward Bellamy's successful novel, "Looking Backward," has been added to Ticknor's Pleasant Paper Series.

Rider Haggard is seen at his best in "Maiwa's Revenge." Old Quartermain's hunting tale is vivid and stirring.

The *Magazine of American History* for July contains an illustrated paper on the late Chief Justice Morrison R. Waite.

Mr. Harold Frederic's new book, which is now in the Scribner press, is reported to be a historical romance. It is to be illustrated.

Dr. Allan McLane Hamilton, the specialist, will write on "Spiritualism and Like Delusions" in the July *American Magazine*.

The Empress Victoria of Germany made the excellent translation recently published of Signor Minghetti's book on the State and the Church.

Mr. W. H. Bishop's "Brown Stone Boy" is to be the next volume of Cassell's "Sunshine Series." Mrs. Coomb's "As Common Mortals" will follow it.

Rider Haggard will not let Allan Quartermain rest, but is making him perspire and risk his poor life in Africa again. The July *Harper* has the story.

Waterman & Amee, Cambridge, Mass., have in press a volume of "Selections Illustrating Economic History Since the Seven Years' War," by Benjamin Rand.

Mr. T. D. Seymour's paper on "Modern Greece" in the July *Scribner* is full of simple and practical and, therefore, entertaining details. It is Greece in her habit as she lives.

Current Literature is the title of an eclectic monthly publication, the first number of which will be published in July. One of its original features, it is said, will be a department of analytical book reviews.

Harper & Bros. have just issued William Black's new book, "The Adventures of a House-Boat." This is the twenty-second novel of Mr. Black's published by the Messrs. Harper, all but one of which are now in print.

Alice French is the veritable name of the lady who writes for the magazines over the signature of "Octave Thanet." She has Mayflower blood in her veins, and is the daughter of Judge French, of Davenport, Iowa.

Mr. Bullen, of the British Museum, will edit, with an introduction and notes, the works of Thomas Campton, the Elizabethan poet, who wrote songs that have been much admired.

Mr. Edmund Pendleton, a brother of the American minister to Germany, will publish through D. Appleton & Co., in July, a novel entitled "A Virginia Funeriance." Mr. Pendleton has already written "A Conventional Bohemian."

Lawrence Oliphant is in this country hoping to find a publisher for his new book called "Scientific Religion." He is almost ready to despair, he says, for one publisher objects because the work isn't "orthodox," and another because it is not sensational. He thinks we are fallen on bad times."

Delia Bacon, who was the first of the Shakespeare-Bacon enthusiasts and perfected the cipher on which the subject of a biography written by Mr. Theodore Bacon, of Rochester, Houghton, Mifflin & Co. will publish the book, which is to contain interesting letters from the pens of Carlyle, Emerson and Hawthorne.

Whittaker & Co. announce the forthcoming issue of a volume containing a choice selection of the most popular songs and poems of James Barry Buckley. Thirty years ago, Mackay was the most popular song-writer of the day, and a good many of his lyric pieces deserve preservation. The complete edition of his poetical works has been out of print for some time.

Owners of small country places will find helpful suggestions with regard to the laying out of their paths and drives in the June number of *Garden and Forest*, June 20, as well as much useful information concerning little known flowering shrubs and the cultivation of fruits. A new subject—the cultivation of truffles—is also discussed.

In the *American Magazine* for July Wilfred Patterson has an article descriptive of the art collection of Mr. William T. Walters, of Baltimore. This collection is one of the very finest of the modern French school, and the article will be profusely illustrated from photographs of the leading pictures, including Meissonier's celebrated "1814" and Alma Tadema's "Sappho."

Mr Kennan's Siberian paper in the *Century* for July has the title "The Steppes of the Irtish." It contains a description of a ride among the Kirghis Tartars. Another paper in this number of the *Century* will be an account of a journey from the Red Sea to Mount Sinai, written by Edward L. Wilson, who follows the route which the children of Israel are supposed to have taken. The article will be illustrated.

It is not Thomas Hardy, but Prof. Arthur Sherburne Hardy, who has written the serial story, "Passe Rose," for the *Atlantic*. Mr. Hardy is a wise man in that he doesn't write too much, but he gives his talents a chance to ripen; and we expect to find in his new story an advance upon his first book, "But Yet a Woman," clever as that was.

The June number of *Woman* is breezy and bright. Oliver Thorne Miller's paper on "Woman's Clubs" in Boston and Milwaukee, is of more than local interest. Emma Haddock's discussion of "Women as Land-Owners in the West" is full of practical hints for women with a taste for business. Another good paper is that of Charles Richards Dodge, on "Physical Culture for our Girls."

Zola makes application of evolution to literature, and concludes that the novel is the highest form of expression yet attained, and that he strives after all the others out. "I do not want to suppress poetry," he exclaims, "but at the same time I cannot shut my eyes to the fact that it is in favor of the naturalistic novel that the evolution of the age is evidently working." Between the lines it is written that poetry, too, must grow naturalistic or die. It will die, then, surely.

A TALE OF TWO CATS.

Miss Kittie Proves the Rule, "Love Me, Love My Cat."

There was a girl in Sterling who had a cat, to which she was devotedly attached. There were two young men and both of them were greatly attached to the young lady. She thought she preferred Jim most. The other's name was Tom. Jim saw but one fault in the girl, and that was her affection for the cat, a beautiful Maltese.

One night both boys called on Miss Kittie, who seemed to look prettier and sweeter than ever. Jim seated himself in a rocker, when such screeching, spitting, caterwauling and meowing as proceeded from—alas! Miss Kittie's lovely Maltese. How can we tell it? The cat had got beneath his chair and more than half its tail projecting beyond the rocker, it was cut off. We will not record Miss Kittie's words, for they were wrathful. The free flowing blood from the feline wound spoiled the Brussels carpet. Well, Jim sent around another cat, money to pay for the carpet, and long letters of apology and explanation. Kittie was obdurate. The cat, money and letters were returned.

Jim, with a half-broken heart, soon left for the west. Six months later Tom married Kittie, and they, too, went west. Two years ago Jim was walking through a park in one of our western cities when he heard the screams of children and hastening to the spot whence they came found a dog about to seize a big Maltese cat, which it had pursued to a bush, up which it sprang. He drove the dog away, took the cat in his arms, turned about to present it to the little ones, when, to his infinite astonishment, Kitty stood before him, pretty as ever, although seven years had passed since he had seen her. He was greatly embarrassed and so was she.

They sat down and talked together. Tom had been dead a full year or more, leaving her poor, with two children—the little ones whose cries had attracted him. Well, Jim's story was shorter than hers. He had worked hard and had accumulated considerable property. He was single—but he isn't now.—Sterling (Ill.) *Gazette*.

—Distress after eating, heartburn, sick headache, and indigestion are cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla. It also creates a good appetite.

OUR WEEKLY SALAD.

THE question has often been discussed as to whether the American people are poetical as a nation. Usually the conclusion is reached that they are not, because the conditions of life have been such as to cultivate the more practical part of human nature. When forests are to be leveled, cities and towns to be laid out and railroads built, men think little of the melody of words, and women find the daily flying press too hardly upon them to cultivate poetic tastes. To be sure, we have passed that first fledged state, but not far enough yet to have given birth to many singers which are able to arrest the attention of the world. The nation, however, which can boast of a Longfellow and a Bryant, to say nothing of a Whittier, a Holmes, a Lowell, and others who might be mentioned is not poor even though it cannot point backward along the years to a Shakspeare or a Byron. With wealth and its heritage, leisure will come to poets whose works will enthrall the world, and hold it in ecstasy.

SPEAKING of Bryant reminds me that sweet as were the melodies that flowed from his brain, and pen, he has given us an even richer heritage in his "Library of Poetry and Song," a work into which he gathered the best thoughts of the old poets and the more modern singers, bringing to bear upon the selection a discriminating taste, a rare judgment, and a fine appreciation of the richest gems of ancient and modern times. It was no easy task to cull out from the treasures of poetry the best thought, the happiest expression of seven hundred different authors, but this was what he did, and the work was happily named, for it is indeed a "library," in the fittest sense of the word. Not many volumes have such a largess of wealth, nor could they have, for it is rare that one, himself so high in art production, will make a conscientious judge of art in others as he did, and the household in which this work finds a home need never feel itself poor in the best poetical thought of the past and present of the world. And the publishers have appreciated its value by giving it a beautiful setting.

IT is always a question as to who first started the legend of the man under the bed. He is always being hunted for; every woman is on the lookout for him, and although he is rarely found, still there is always an unsubdued feeling that he may be lurking around. There seems to be a strange fascination for the average woman in this search, and it is her ancient and prescriptive right. In a land before few ever find anything, though there are tales most horrible of ruffians who have hidden themselves away to steal out in the dead of the night to rob and plunder, and perhaps destroy. But these are only floating stories which are never proven, for when a burglar goes a "burgling," as a general thing he is too well versed in this womanly habit to put himself into a cage by hiding under the bed. Where the idea originated is not known, but scientists say that persistent personal habits tend to reproduce themselves from generation to generation, and in time, to a certain extent, it may be nervousness which helps on the everlasting search for the midnight boots, and though countless witticisms upon this subject are perpetrated at woman's expense, still the search goes on and doubtless always will as long as there are beds to look under and men to hide themselves away.

EVERY one is familiar with the story of "poor old Robinson Crusoe, who stuck up a stick and it grew so." That same stick figured in his culinary department when he wanted to kindle the kitchen fire. The idea of rubbing two sticks of wood together in order to start a flame sounds like a fable, but it was a common practice among the South Sea Indians, as it is at the present day among the Arabs. "A piece of dry nabruk is selected about as thick as the little finger. A notch is cut in this, and this is laid upon the ground with the notch uppermost; into this is fitted a sharp stick about eighteen inches long, which is held perpendicularly and worked between the palms like a drill. After two minute's hard labor the notch begins to smoke and a brown dust falls from the singed wood. By increasing friction this dust emits a dense smoke and commences to smoulder, then the fire is produced. A rag is torn from the clothing of some of the party, in which the fire is carefully wrapped and fanned with the breath. It is then placed in a wisp of dry grass and whirled in the air until the flames burst forth. It is a long and tiresome way to light a fire, but a wild Arab cannot always find a lucifer match about his clothing, and even a dry stick is a welcome agent in order to keep the pot a boilin'.

FOR democratic America there is so little of the so-called old world aristocracy that it is a difficult matter to find a family where grandmother was an elegant lady of leisure. The early ancestors worked for a living, and worked hard; there were few lilies of the field, for the majority of the pioneers were toilers of the sea or tillers of the land. As a general thing the American aristocrat of to-day is a snob, proud of his riches and ashamed of the fact that his grandmother bound shoes while his grandfather made them. Most of the rich men of the United States have accumulated their wealth by starting at the lowest round of the ladder and saving the pennies. As a rule men who rise from an humble origin are not ashamed of it however averse the rest of their families may be to the disclosure of their former station. An anecdote of the late CORNELIUS VANDERBILT illustrates his contempt for such false pride. He was seated on the piazza of Congress Hall at Saratoga when a well dressed lady who was passing, stopped to speak with him. After a pleasant chat she took her departure, and a young female relative who was sitting near said to him: "Why, how could you make so much of that woman? She used to sell us poultry." "Yes, my dear," he replied, "and this woman," indicating his wife, "used to sell me ginger pop." He referred to the days when the original Mrs. Vanderbilt kept a little candy shop on the wharf where he landed when he was sailing for a livelihood.

LEFT AGAIN.

Some People Can Never Let Well Enough Alone.

A foreigner who learns your language and uses it can never get it through his head that you understand his. He was growing traveling, and he stopped in on the way to the ferry to get a cheap overcoat. There were an old Jew and a young Jew, father and son, and the son waited on the gentleman. He finally found a coat to suit.

"How much is this?"

"Twenty dollars."

"All right. I'll take it."

Then the old man, using Jewish jargon, held an animated conversation with the young Jew. That was what it was translated, and the purchaser understood it, which the Jew evidently thought he did not.

"You will never make a merchant, Samuel, never."

"Why, father?"

"Why, you might have got $25 for that coat just as easy as $20."

"Well, I think I'm a good enough salesman. It's $15 and I thought I was doing well making it $20."

"No; you're no good, no good at all."

In the meantime the coat was being brushed a little for the customer. When he put it on he said:

"That'll do beautifully. Now, since it was marked $15 I'll pay you that and no more."

The young Jew snickered and the old Jew tore his hair, but the boy had the best of the old man.—*San Francisco Chronicle*.

Under The American Rules.

Mt. Vernon Republican.

Protection and free trade will now have a bare knuckle fight to the finish.

Symptoms of Catarrh.

Dull, heavy headache, obstruction of the nasal passages, discharges falling from the head into the throat, sometimes profuse, watery and acrid, at others, thick, tenacious, mucous, purulent, bloody and putrid; the eyes are weak, watery and inflamed; there is ringing in the ears, deafness, hacking or coughing to clear the throat, expectoration of offensive matter, together with scabs from ulcers; the voice is changed and has a nasal twang; the breath is offensive; smell and taste is impaired; there is a sensation of dizziness, with mental depression, a hacking cough and general debility. If you have all, or any considerable number of these symptoms, you are suffering from Nasal Catarrh. The more complicated your disease has become, the greater the number and diversity of symptoms. Thousands of cases annually, without manifesting half of these above symptoms, result in consumption, and end in the grave. No disease is so common, more deceptive and dangerous, or less understood or more unsuccessfully treated by physicians. Five hundred dollars reward is offered by the manufacturers of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, for a case of catarrh which they cannot cure. Remedy sold by druggists at only 50 cents.

IT WAS A LIVELY ARTICLE.

One of Bob Burdette's Early Experiences as a Humorist.

Robert J. Burdette, whom everybody knows whether they ever saw him or not, says a writer in the New York *Tribune*, used to run a little daily paper in Peoria, Ill. I believe it was Peoria—anyhow, it was the paper he enjoyed running so much, because there was never any uncertainty about it. He knew positively every Monday morning that there wouldn't be enough money to pay the compositors Saturday night.

He hadn't written so much good humor then as he has since, but it used to crop out once in a while—he couldn't help it. One day a prominent citizen of Peoria got into trouble with a hackman about the amount of his charge or something, and took off his coat and fought him all around the block. He made it a red day for hackmen, too, and got pretty excited before he finished. The next day Burdette had pretty nearly a column about it. There had been so much space to fill and he turned his fancy loose and filled it. He laughed about it quietly to himself all the way home that night, after he wrote it, and in the morning read it over to see if the boys had got it set up all right and smiled sort of inwardly to himself again.

About the middle of the afternoon the man who had the trouble came in. Burdette trembled a little at first because he didn't know how he might have taken it, but the man wore a broad grin on his face, and seemed to be very much tickled over it.

"That was a good one on me in the *Howlet* this morning," said the man.

"Er—yes—do you think so?" said Burdette.

"Oh, capital! Took it off first class. Did you write it?"

"Oh, yes; I scratched it off in a hurry last night. We have to have something to fill up."

"Of course. But it was really good. I didn't know you could do as well as that," went on the man enthusiastically.

"Oh, I didn't think much of it," returned Burdette modestly. "If I had only had a little more time perhaps I might have made something out of it."

"Oh, you had time enough—plenty of time, I assure you. It was fine. Of course I didn't really do all you said I did."

"Oh, of course not. Certainly not. Got to have something lively in a newspaper, you know."

"I see—especially in a live local paper."

"You understand it."

"I think so. Of course I didn't yell like a man with his foot in the lawn mower all the time I was having the controversy."

"Oh, no—we have to exaggerate a little?"

"I see. And then I didn't raise the hackman up and pound the face of the earth with him till the police stopped me for wearing out the paving."

"No, not at all—had to make it lively, you know."

"Of course. Then I didn't chase him into the country half a mile, did I now?"

"I never heard that you did. I just slipped that in. You know a local paper——"

"I understand. Then, of course, I didn't roar so coming back that people thought there was a cyclone coming."

"Oh, you didn't roar at all. I made that part up to make it lively."

"I thought so. Then I didn't stand on the corner and howl till I was tired, and say I could lick any hackman who ever looked through a collar, and go around the streets cracking my heels together and saying I was from Bitter creek where it was a mote than a foot wide."

"Of course not—nothing of the kind at all. I just put that in—got to in a small town with a daily paper, you see."

"I notice you have to. It was a funny piece, take it altogether."

"Y-e-s. I thought perhaps it was a little funny," admitted Burdette, a little uneasily.

"You say in it the hackman was a small man?"

"Why, yes, rather small, I understood."

"Probably not as small as you are?"

"Oh, n-no, I presume not. I'm not very big, you know. Pleasant weather we are having, Major?"

"Y-a-e-s, very pleasant—a little cold for hackmen and some editors I know of. Probably, then, if I licked the hackman there wouldn't be any doubt but that I could lick you?"

"Oh, n-no, sir; not a particle of doubt. Going to the caucus to-night, colonel?"

"I expect to be there, but you won't. You'll be in the hospital, you little, insignificant, one-horse country editor," and he reached out and got Burdette by the collar. "Chased the man out beyond the fair grounds, did I? Roared like the 8:30 express coming back, did I?" And he began jabbing Burdette up and down like the dasher of an old-fashioned churn. "My actions would have made a fish laugh, eh? Howled around till I made the world's back ache, did I?" And all the time he was dancing around the office with Burdette at arm's length. "Oh, you're going to be the great American humorist! No doubt of it at all! You'll make the universe double up and roll on the grass some day! You're funny—oh, so very funny! Just give you a little more practice on that and you can start up Barnum's eyes and have him go down stairs and half-way across the sidewalk. He accomplished it at last, however, and went back to work, and Burdette gathered himself together and wrote up a solemn account of the death of the oldest Free Mason, who had just passed away.

A SMALL BEGINNING.

The Start the Next President Had When He Was Married.

"My father had a farm," said General Harrison to a correspondent the other day, "about five miles from that of my grandfather. He signed some worthless notes and died poor, leaving his family nothing. I married young, when I was only 20 years of age, and came to Indianapolis, which was then a place of only 14,000 or 15,000 inhabitants. My wife and I took up our residence in a little house of only three rooms, on Vermont street. I remember we had six knives and six two-pronged forks, six plates, and a similarly small equipment all around. My wife did her own work, and we have both said since we were never happier in our lives. My first fee as a lawyer, a five-dollar gold piece, I received at the door of that dwelling. I was hired by a farmer to plead a suit for him in a little country place. I could not hire a carriage and have any money left of my fee, and so I went horseback in much discomfort, but I won my case and brought home some money. Lawyers do not make much money, or at least they do not usually have much more when they die than the roofs over their heads. I own this house and the lot on which it rests, but I have no other real estate except fifteen acres of my grandfather's farm at North Bend. I bought that for sentimental reasons. It is a part of a farm of a sister of mine. I have no concern beyond my professional one as a lawyer, except about $1,000 from a certain investment."

"I see," said General Harrison, "that people say I am interested in cattle companies. I have no interest in any cattle company. A few years ago I invested several thousand dollars in a Montana cattle company in which my son was interested, but I soon conveyed my interest to my son, and am not interested in any way with the company."

Lucky John Harrington.

Last Monday afternoon the *Gazette* reporter met Mr. John Harrington, the gentleman that was so lucky in the May drawing of the Louisiana state Lottery. Like the substantial matter-of-fact man that he is, he continues in his old position as engineer at the Atlantic Mining company's stamp mill, not having taken a single day from his duties to celebrate his good fortune. His ticket, which was one-tenth of No. 21,492, the one that drew the second capital prize of $50,000, was the second that he had bought in the Louisiana State Lottery. He has therefore sent that institution but $2. His prize of $5,000 was collected for him by the National Bank of Houghton as soon after the drawing as the necessary correspondence could be completed. The money was promptly invested by him in stock of the Calumet & Hecla Mining company, buying twenty shares at $242 each. From the dividend of $5 per share, payable July 6, which this company's unparalleled deposits of copper have enabled it to earn in spite of its recent shut down, Mr. Harrington will receive the snug sum of $100. This is the income of his money during the first month of his possession of it. He has lived in the Lake Superior copper district twenty-five years, twelve of which have been spent at the Atlantic stamp mill. Two of his sons are employed in the mill with their father.—*Houghton* (Mich.) *Mining Gazette*, June 14.

A Dubious Recommendation.

Undertaker (to physician)—"Did a stranger call upon you to-day for treatment, doctor?"

Physician—"No."

Undertaker—"That's strange. The gentleman was looking for a physician, and I recommended you very highly."

Physician—"Yes, I guess that's the reason he didn't come to see me."—*New York Sun*.

THE STARRY FIRMAMENT ON HIGH,"

Sang Addison. But hadn't you, for a few years at least, rather look at the firmament from the underside.

YOU CAN DO IT

by observing the laws of health and resorting to that cheat the grave medicine

WARNER'S SAFE CURE

You are out of sorts; a splendid feeling and appetite one day, while the next day life is a burden. If you drift on in this way you are liable to become Insane. Why?

Because poisoned blood on the nerve centers wherein the mental faculties are located, paralyses them and the victim becomes non-responsible.

There are thousands of people today in insane asylums and graves, put there by Kidney Poisoned Blood.

Insanity, according to statistics, is increasing faster than any other disease. Is your eyesight failing? Your memory becoming impaired? An all-gone feeling on slight exertion upon you? If so, and YOU know whether this is so or not, do not neglect your case until reason totters and you are an imbecile, but to-day while you have reason, use your good sense and judgement by purchasing WARNER'S SAFE CURE and WARNER'S SAFE PILLS; medicines warranted to do as represented, and which will cure you.

OPENING AN ACCOUNT.

The Trouble a Savings Bank Teller Had With a Depositor.

The officials require not only nimble fingers and active brains to deal with all these dollars, and all these anxious nervous people, but they require a great deal of patience as well; for, in their busiest moments, they often are pestered with patrons like the thin, irritable and suspicious woman who, after fidgeting for half an hour in the line, at length reaches the teller's window, and seems inclined to stay there.

"I've got $10," says she, "and I want to open an account."

"What is your name, madam. What is your name?"

"Simpkins."

"Christian name, please."

"Sophronisba."

"And middle name?"

"Katharine."

"What is your age, please?"

"That's none of your business."

"Pardon me, madam, it is the rule of the bank to make these inquiries. I cannot go on without this information. It is as necessary for your own protection as it is for ours."

"Thirty five then."

"Are you married or single?"

"Now look here, Mister, you are impertinent. Do I look married? I'd like to see the man who'd marry me, if he dared."

"Shall I write married or single? Be quick as you can, please."

"Single, then. And as I said, if you think——"

"Residence?"

"Right here in the city."

"Quite so, but the street and number, please."

"That's nothing to do with it. I don't want you to call, and if you dare to send a policeman to see——"

"What is the street and number?"

"Thirteen —— place. But I never saw anything in all my born——"

"Where were you born——"

"Same place, if you want to know."

"Have you any occupation?"

"Now, see here! I suppose you want to know where I got this money. But I didn't steal it, if that's any satisfaction to you. Of course I——"

"What did you say your occupation is?"

"I didn't say; you didn't give me a chance. I keep the best boarding house in the town; meals three times a day, and——"

"Please sign your name on this line."

"Sign my name? Don't you believe me? I never sign anything, only——"

"Very well, if you can't write, make your cross."

"Make me cross? That's just it; you make me so cross I can't write. Sophronisba Katharine Simpkins. There!"

"That will do. Kindly make way for the next person."

"Oh, but mister, say, look here! What, have you got it?"

"Got what?"

"The age. I——"

"Thirty-five."

"Does it make any difference if it ain't right?"

"It might make a serious difference."

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear! I've gone and perjured myself. But it's all your fault, you horrid man, you flustered me so. Did I say thirty-five? I didn't mean it. It's forty-five, so there!"

And away she goes in a state of great indignation and perplexity.—*Boston Herald*.

DANCING GIRLS OF GREECE.

The Maidens of That Realm Trip the Fantastic Toe in Artistic Attire.

From Scribner's Magazine.

In the middle of the square was a ring or coil of maidens, the eldest perhaps 20 years of age, the youngest hardly more than 5 years old. No two were dressed exactly alike, yet there was a general similarity in style. All wore long white skirts, some of delicate materials and others of heavy stuff. The overskirt, reaching to the knee, was dark and full, hanging in many folds. A broad belt of silk hung below the waist. An elaborate apron of great variety of color and decoration, reached nearly to the ankles. Each maiden wore a close-fitting vest, generally of red, bright blue, or gilt. This was cut low and round in front, and served as stays. Over the upper part of the breast hung a little stomacher, on which were strung jingling gold and silver coins, the girls' chief dowry. Over and around the head (sometimes covering the lower part of the face), was wrapped a gray 'kerchief. Seven of the girls, however, who always stood near the head of the line, wore veils of white tissue. The maidens' sleeves showed no classic connection with any outer garment; they fitted the arm closely and were of some silk stuff, with stripes running around the arm. Most of the girls wore slippers, but a few were bare-foot. The whole costume was bright with harmonious colors.

About 600 of these maidens danced together, with arms interlaced in a double line, for hours. The dance was led by one or two young men at the head of the line—attached to the maidens only by means of a handkerchief. The music was only the humming of the girls—rarely did the words of the song become really articulate. The steps were simple, generally three forward, followed by three backward obliquely, so as to move in a circle.

I saw no "mixed dances" of men and women in Greece, though these have been imported to the cities. The men, however, as in Homer's day, have their own dances, which are much more vigorous than those of the girls.

Style in Serving Dinner.

Mrs. Carlton-Peil (a guest at dinner)—think, Mr. Wabash, that one's enjoyment of a dinner depends largely upon the manner in which it is served. Our hostess is famous for that, you know."

Mr. Wabash (from the West)—Yes, I notice everything is nice and hot.—*Epoch*.

The Bacon Cypher in Ingersoll's Speech.

Philadelphia Ledger.

Col. Ingersoll probably never had so keen an insight as at present into the significance of Bacon's remark that discretion of speech is more than eloquence.

The Great American Schools.

"The educational facilities of this country are something we ought to be proud of," remarked Mr. Snaggs.

"Yes, indeed," replied Mrs. Snaggs. "You see we have colleges and public schools, and then there are the abnormal schools besides."—*Pittsburg Chronicle*.

The Camp Fire.

INCIDENTS AT FRANKLIN.

A Comrade's Experience—A Terrible Onslaught—That Fatal Port-Hole—The Soldier's Last Meal.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE:—After 23 years I come near the fire; I hear my comrades say: What! Nothing to replenish the fire? Ah! boys, try this ball of refuse cotton, brought from the old cotton gin on the left of the pike, at Franklin, Tenn., on the night of the 30th of Novembr, '64. You ask, will it burn? Place it upon the glowing embers, and it will flash its light from Aristook, in Maine, to the Golden Gate, and reveal to the Queen City of the south, situated on the placid waters of the gulf. It is saturated with the battle smoke that hung over that battle field for those immortal six hours, when those brave boys, clad in gray, charged our earth works with hats drawn down over their faces, dreading the fire from the Yankee infantry that was to warp them out of line, and to drive them back in dismay. I can hear our battle cry: "Boys, stick to the works, fire low, load and fire as quickly as possible." Hood's army thought that they had us cooped in the fort, and they were not far from right, as our flanks rested on Harpeth river, and the river was behind us. We had to stick to our works or be driven into the water. I never saw such rapid handling of artillery, and it seemed that our line reenforcing fire was right came on and the confederate forces were hurled against our line, only to be driven back as before. Had they moved on us when we first began to break earth for our works in the morning we would have been annihilated or driven into the river, but the time, as we learned, had been occupied in getting their breakfast and marching and countermarching in forming their line. It was 4 p. m. before they advanced upon us. At that time our works were completed, and we were waiting to receive their compliments. You ask did I enjoy the entertainment? I would not desire to have the experience crowded into a lifetime that I passed through in those immortal six hours. We had a force of some 1,500 men, including a heavy skirmish line one-third of a mile in front of our works. Our men held their ground too long. The confederates were stripped for the fray and our men had all their accouterments on. To operate their works at the same time the skirmish line did. God forgive us! We fired on friends as well as foes. That part of the line near the pike and to the right and left were compelled to give way, as there was an opening left in the road. And the enemy charged through and were about to capture that part of the line, but it was only for a moment, for as we gave way, we met the brave 16th Ky., advancing on double quick to assist in retaking our line or works. We captured all who had gained the inside of our works, including the men they had taken from us. One man of my company I, 100th O.—was re-captured and picked up the gun he had thrown down and took part in the fight. I was in the rear rank, which had orders to load for the front rank to fire. I had loaded the third gun, and had cocked and capped it and passed it to, as I remember, my front man. But he was not there. I looked behind me and saw him shoving the white feather, and as the fashion is catching, I showed the white feather number two. Meeting the reserve advancing, it was but a moment until we had gained our works again. In consequence of this my position was not near a port-hole to the left of a cannon. The cannoniers were killed, wounded or missing, and the cannon ceased to be fired. During the fight there was firing through the port-hole by the enemy. We tried from each side of the opening to bring our guns to bear on those who were firing through the same. I was wounded on the right cheek from the gun that was not sixteen feet from me, which caused me to use a few expletives in derision toward the fellow on the opposite side of the works for his impudence. Gen. Riley, commander 3d brigade, 3d division, 23d corps, one of my regiment, were warned of the danger by me, as they stepped in front of the port hole, and I pointed to the prostrate forms that surrounded the cannon, of those who had been hit from the deadly fire through the opening. I saw the men surrender, and to the inquiry of Gen. Riley: "Who are you the man firing through the port holes?" they said that they were. I had a desire to know how they had shielded themselves from our fire. I crept out to the embankment and saw that they had taken a spade that had been left out by our men, dug a hole in the embankment, and had laid there and loaded and fired their guns. I looked and the outer trench was filled with dead men. A strange desire came to my mind that I would get a memento to take home with me from a fallen hero. I felt in one man's haversack and found bread in it. The boys came to my mind that if some wounded man might shoot me, I took nothing, and am thankful that my hands are clean.

Gen. Riley, during the fight, called for volunteers to go for ammunition. I was one of the number who went. We had to pass through a cross fire in the rear of our works. We were exposed to the fire of the enemy, in going and returning. It seemed to me that I might have reached out and caught the leaden ball some time during the fight, when there was a lull in the firing. Two Confederates who were wounded in the rear of our works requested me (as each was wounded in a foot) to help them to the rear. They each placed a hand upon my shoulder and we made our way to a brick building in the rear of our line. I would be pleased to hear from them if they should see this statement, as I did not learn their names.

Donat Dorsé, Jr., and myself were messmates. While at our noon meal on the 30th, McCully said to Donat: "You are eating too much meat."

Donat replied: "It may be the last meat I ever will eat." It was. He fell mortally wounded in the charge when we re-took our works. I fell on the left of the cotton gin by the side of two wounded Confederates after bidding him good night. It was not long until he heard his last tattoo. Lights out on this side of life, and he was called to answer to the "Morning call of eternal life."

I would like to hear from the boys of my old regiment, the 100th O. V. I., through the CAMP FIRE.—GEORGE W. CHAMPION, Co. F 100th O. V. I.

A DESPERATE CHARGE.

**Soldiers

Question Bureau.

1. The true name and postoffice address must be given in all cases, but, when specially requested, they will not be published.

2. No attention will be paid to mathematical problems, questions of grammatical construction, or inquiries regarding the reliability of manufactured articles.

3. Communications for this department must be written on a separate sheet, directed to the "Question Bureau," and contain not more than three questions. Do not ask a question and then proceed to argument. If we can answer it, and it is considered of general interest, it will be answered. It is useless to request an answer in the "next issue." The Question Bureau is always full, and we are sometimes two or three weeks behind.

4. This department is not intended to settle party disputes or trade tests. Replies to questions are inserted only for the benefit of general interest, and no one has the right to demand a reply. Do not request an answer by postal card.

5. No question will receive the slightest attention unless the first and third rules above are complied with.

Lincoln's Proclamation.

J. Weaver, Elizabethtown, Ky.:

Please print Lincoln's proclamation issued in the year 1862.

Answer.—President Lincoln issued a proclamation on the first day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three, all persons held as slaves within any state, designated as a state, the people whereof shall then be rebellion against the United States, shall be then, thenceforward and forever free, and the executive government of the United States, including the military and naval authority thereof, will recognize and maintain the freedom of such persons, and will do no act or acts to repress such persons, or any of them, in any efforts they may make for their actual freedom; that the executive will on the first day of January aforesaid, by proclamation, designate the states and parts of states, if any, in which the people thereof respectively shall then be in rebellion against the United States, and the fact that any state or the people thereof, shall on that day be in good faith represented in the Congress of the United States by members chosen thereto at elections wherein a majority of the qualified voters of such state shall have participated, shall, in the absence of strong countervailing testimony, be deemed conclusive evidence that such state and the people thereof are not then in rebellion against the United States."

Bolivia—Portugal—Russia.

J. W., Ann Arbor, Mich.:

1. Will the Blade give a description of Bolivia? 2. Portugal; 3. Russia; tell the area, army, navy and anything interesting?

Answer.—1. Bolivia, a Republic of South America, named in honor of Bolivar, is divided into nine departments, each under a district governor. The government is popular in form, three legislative chambers being elected for four years, senators, seven and for life. The president is elected for life by a majority of the legislature. The administration belongs wholly to the ministry, which is responsible to the Senate. Religion is free, the Roman Catholic being the prevailing form. Bolivia consists in high plateaus, constituting granaries of wheat production, less much valuable timber, and the lowlands are the seat of tropical forests and swamps, with every variety of climate, and two or three crops of vegetation. Fine pieces coffee, cotton, sugar-canes, garden vegetables and fruits in surprising luxuriance and abundance. Western Bolivia contains the highest mountains of the western hemisphere, with perpetual snow. The great Cordillera range, reaches up into the region of eternal ice and snow, culminating in the peak of Sorata, 24,800 feet high. The silver mines of Potosi, world-famous for their product in bullion, have yielded over $2,000,000,000 since 1545. Bolivia is poorly supplied with roads, and railroads are as yet almost unknown, great natural difficulties being encountered in their construction. 2. Portugal, a kingdom of Western Europe, area, 34,646 square miles; population 1881, 4,708,168. The legislative power is in a Cortes with a Council of State appointed for life by the king, and a Chamber of Deputies of 149 elected by the people. Revenue, 1885, $35,428,640; expenditure, $38,449,845; public debt, 1887, $470,444,482; commerce in 1884, $37,749,380; exports, $24,626,390; army, 1886, 38,667; navy, 52 vessels, with 167 guns, and 3,470 men. Railways in 1885, 1,039 miles; telegraphs, 3,086 miles; postoffices, 1,040; letters carried, 29,103,329 in 1885. 3. Russia, an empire of Eastern Europe and Western Asia; total area 8,138,541 square miles; population, 103,912,640. Revenue, 1884, $370,000,000; expenditure, $380,490,621; public debt, 1886, $3,669,944,394, besides which loans and paper to the amount of $340,000,000 have been issued. The cost of the war with Turkey and her allies, in 1877-78, was added to the debt in June 1878, at 1,060 millions. The army in 1885 embraced 890,264 men; navy 301 men-of war, with 942 guns. Imports, 1885, $304,486,528; exports, $294,194,110. Rail-way in use, 1885, 20,000 miles; telegraphs, 78,183 miles. Postoffices, 4,764; letters carried, 133,963,987; postal cards, 11,614,039; journals, 100,434,584 in 1884. Amount of paper money (irredeemable) was, in 1879, 856 millions, which is depreciated about 30 per cent.

England and Egypt.

Ellen ——:

How did England secure her present claims and powers in Egypt?

Answer.—In 1878 the Khedive Ismail, by rash efforts to inaugurate public improvements and various other extravagances, had increased the Egyptian debt to $485,000,000. It was not possible to extort even the interest on this debt from his already impoverished subjects, and Egyptian credit was so impaired that additional foreign loans to meet the annual deficit in the revenues could no longer be obtained. This large debt being mostly held in England and France, Ismail handed over the financial administration of Egypt to commissioners of the two nations, and they established what was known as the "Anglo-French Control." Two controllers general were sent by these countries to take up their residence at Cairo, to superintend the collection and disbursement of the revenue. The Khedive was not pleased with the conduct of affairs, however, and, in April, 1879, he arbitrarily dismissed them. The European powers then demanded and forced Ismail to cede his throne in favor of his son Mehemet Tewfik, and the joint control was restored. It was very unpopular with the people, however, and gave the Nationalist party a chance to come into power in 1881, headed by Arabi Bey. England and France then entered into a joint fleet to Alexandria to uphold the authority of the Khedive, and to protect the Europeans, which latter, it was said, were the especial objects of the popular hatred. January 11, 1881, there was a massacre of the Christians at Alexandria. The English now determined to open fire on the insurgents; the French refused to join in the attack, and, therefore, on the 11th of June, Alexandria was bombarded by order of the English commander. This attack was followed by the landing of the British forces, and the defeat of Arabi at Tel-el-Kebir, and the Khedive, overthrew the rebellion of Arabi, and restored peace and order. The joint control was now understood to be abolished, and England established a sort of protectorate in Egypt, which, however, she distinctly declared, should only remain there as it was needed to secured the permanency of the Khedive's government. Lord Dufferin was sent to Egypt in the fall of 1882 to reorganize the legislative branch of the government, and prepared a constitution which was accepted by the Khedive, and put in force by his decree. During the disturbance in the Soudan, the powers generally made no objection to England's occupation of Egypt, but when that trouble was over France began to intrigue against England, demanding guarantees for her claims against that county. In 1885, a financial scheme was drawn up by the powers, under which the credit of the government has been greatly improved.

The Rebellion's Carnage.

James Ashton, Toledo, Ill.; Emery, Tucson, Ariz.:

Will the Blade give some account of the number of men who were killed in the rebellion; both sides;

The following table of the killed in the various battles of the war has been compiled from various sources:

	Union.	C'fed.
Bombardment of For Sumter....	None	None
Evacuation of Fort Sumter.....	1	None
Riots in Baltimore.....	4	9
Battle of Bull Run.....	481	269
Battle of Wilson's Creek.....	258	269
Battle of Ball's Bluff.....	223	36
Battle of Roanoke Island.....	35	16
Battle of Fort Donelson, Tenn..	446	231
Battle of Pea Ridge, Ark.....	203	1,100
Battle of Shiloh, Tenn.....	1,735	1,728
Battle of Hanover Court House, Va.....	53	200
Battle of Seven Pines, or Fair Oaks.....	890	2,800
Seven days' retreat, Army of Potomac.....	1,582	2,820
Battle of Cedar Mountain, Va....	450	229
Battle of Groveton and Gainesville, Va.....	7,000	7,000
Second battle of Bull Run.....	800	700
Battle of Chantilly, Va.....	1,300	800
Battle of Harper's Ferry.....	500	500
Battle of South Mountain, Md....	443	500
Battle of Munfordsville, Ky....	50	714
Battle of Antietam, Md.....	2,010	3,500
Battle of Inka, Miss.....	144	263
Battle of Corinth, Miss.....	315	1,423
Battle of Perryville, Ky.....	916	2,500
Battle of Fredericksburg, Va....	1,180	579
Battle of Murfreesboro, Tenn....	1,533	14,560
Bombardment of Fort Sumter, S. C.....	2	4
Battle of Chancellorsville, Va....	1,512	1,581
Siege of Vicksburg.....	545	31,277
Siege of Fort Hudson, La.....	590	189
Battle of Gettysburg.....	2,834	3,561
Battle of Chickamauga, Ga.....	1,644	2,300
Battle of Lookout Mountain.....	757	300
Battle of Olustee, Fla.....	193	100
Battle of the Wilderness.....	2,707	2,000
Battle of Spottsylvania, Va.....	4,177	1,000
Battle of Resaca, Ga.....	600	300
Battle of Cold Harbor, Va.....	1,905	1,200
Battle of Kenesaw Mountain, Ga..	1,370	1,100
Capture of Alabama off Cherbourg, France.....	None	9
Battle of Malvern Hill.....	898	400
Battle of Peach Tree Creek, Ga....	300	1,113
Battle of Atlanta (Hood's first sortie).....	500	2,482
Battle of Atlanta (Hood's second sortie).....	100	642
Battle of Winchester and Fisher's Hill.....	693	3,250
Battle of Cedar Creek (Sheridan's ride).....	588	3,000
Battle of Spring Hill and Franklin, Tenn.....	189	1,750
Siege of Mobile, Ala.....	213	500

At Murfreesboro the Confederates lost 14,560 killed, wounded and missing; at the battle of Vicksburg 31,277 killed, wounded and prisoners; at Winchester 3,250 killed, wounded and missing; and at the sharp engagement at Gainesville the Union and Confederate forces each lost 7,000 killed, wounded and missing. The other engagements recorded in the table give only the killed. More soldiers were killed outright in the battle of the Wilderness than in any other engagement of the war. Gettysburg follows next in mortality, and Antietam makes a good third. The many thousands wounded and missing after each battle were often five and six times greater than the number killed outright.

Comparative statement of the number of men furnished and of the deaths in the United States army:

White troops.....	2,494,592
Sailors and marines.....	101,207
Colored troops.....	178,975
Indians.....	3,530
Total.....	2,778,304
Aggregate number of deaths.....	359,528

It is estimated that 1,000,000 able-bodied men perished in the civil war. January 1, 1861 the army of the United States for active service consisted of 14,663 men. May 1, 1865, there were 797,807 men on active duty, while 202,709 more were absent. During the struggle there were 44,000 killed in battle, 186,000 died from disease, 26,000 died in rebel prisons, 49,000 died from wounds, 280,000 were wounded, and 185,000 are recorded captured and missing.

Egypt—Congo States.

Jno. Montgomery, Stalwart, Mich.:

1. Please explain the present government of Egypt. 2. And the Congo Free state.

Answer.—1. The administration of Egypt is now carried on by native ministers, subject to the ruling of the Khedive, and under the supervision of England. From 1879 to 1883 two controllers-general, appointed of France and England, had considerable powers in the direction of the affairs of the country. In the summer of 1882, in consequence of a military rebellion—the object of which was supposed to be the abolition by violent means of the control, and the removal of foreigners generally from position of influence held by Egypt-England intervened, subdued the risicg, and restored the authority of Tewfik Bey. In this intervention England was not joined by France, and as a result, on January 18, 1883, the Khedive signed a decree abolishing the joint control of England and France. In the place of the control the Khedive made the recommendation of England, appointed a single European financial adviser with a consultive voice in the council of ministers, and with no power to interfere in matters of internal administration. The Egyptian ministry is at present composed of five members, among whom the departmental work is distributed as follows: 1, President, Foreign Affairs and Justice; 2, Finance; 3, War, Marine and Interior; 4, Public Works, and 5, Education. 2. The Congo free state was constituted and defined by the General Act of the International Congo Conference, signed at Berlin, February 26, 1885, by which it was declared neutral and free to the trade of all nations, in conjunction with the rest of the basin of the river Congo. The powers reserve to themselves, until the end of a period of twenty years, the right of deciding if freedom of entry shall be maintained or not. The navigation of the Congo is placed under the care of an international commission, representing all the powers. By vote of the Belgian legislature, April 28 and 30, 1885, the Congo free state was placed under the sovereignty of King Leopold II., individually, the Belgian government and Belgium as a state having no power or responsibility in relation to the Congo state. The precise boundaries of the free state were defined by convention between the International Association of the Congo and Germany, November 8, 1884; Great British, December 16, 1884; the Netherlands, December 27, 1884; France, February 5, 1885, and Portugal, February 14, 1885. The Congo states is a small section on the north bank of the river from its mouth to Manyanga; French territory intervening between this last station and the mouth of the Ulindy, whence the state extends northwards to 40 north latitude, eastward to 30° east longitude, southwards to Lake Bangweolo (120 south), westward to 24° east, northwards to 6° south, then westward to the south bank at Noki. By Art. 31 of the Berlin Act the area of the free state is estimated at 1,056,200 square miles, with a population of 27,000,000. The principal articles for export are stated to be palm oil, palm kernels, ivory, orchilla weed, gum copal, ground nuts, and cam-wood. The chief imports are textiles, guns, powder, spirits and tobacco. Under the governor are a large number of white subordinates, chiefs of provinces which extend as far as Stanley Falls, and other places. There are four administrative divisions or provinces: The Lower Congo, Livingstone Falls, and the Pool, the district between the Pool and the Equator, and the Upper Congo. The central government at Brussels consists of the king of the Belgians, and three heads of departments, foreign affairs, justice, finance, and the interior. There is an armed force of 2,000 men.

Oliver H. Dockery—David Humphreys.

Alva Johnson, Charleston, S. C.:

Will the Blade print something about Dockery, the Republican candidate for General of this state?

2. Give a biographical sketch of David Humphreys.

Answer.—1. It is believed that the Republicans of North Carolina have nominated a man for Governor who is more likely than any other person in the state to succeed in wealthing this unwieldy political adventure. He is a native of the state, the son of an eminent statesman of the same commonwealth, and himself a man of experience in affairs. These weighty qualifications are accompanied by those of an exalted social position and personal popularity. He was born at Richmond, N. C., in the year 1830. His father, Alfred Dockery, ex-member of Congress, was prominent in political matters for a generation. After his graduation from the North Carolina University, Mr. Dockery read law and was admitted to the bar. He has not practiced his profession, however, since 1860, having followed the life of the planter and country gentleman. Mr. Dockery was a member of the Legislature of North Carolina, 1858-59. He was a Bell and Everett elector in 1860. After the secession of the state, he was for a time in the Confederate army, but from a change of sentiment, or early perceiving the hopelessness of the struggle against the Union forces, he withdrew from military service and joined those influential men of North Carolina who counseled submission to the government at Washington. In 1864 he was one of the leaders in the unsuccessful attempt of that year to put an end to the war. He held offices in the Congress at Washington began on July 13, 1868, and ended with the close of the Forty-first Congress in 1873. While there he was a member of the Committee on Reconstruction of the Committee on Claims and was chairman of the Committee on Freedmen's Affairs. 2. David Humphreys, an American poet, born in Derby, Conn., in 1752; died in New Haven, February 21, 1818. He was educated at Yale College, entered the army at the beginning of the revolutionary war, and in 1780 became a colonel on the staff of General Washington. He resided for more than a year with Washington after his retirement to Virginia, and again in 1788. He accompanied Jefferson to Europe as secretary of legation in 1784, was elected to the legislature of Connecticut in 1786, and was soon associated with Samuel Hopkins, John Trumbull and Joel Barlow in the composition of the "Anarchiad," a series of poems which appeared in the New York and New Haven *Gazette*, and the *Connecticut Magazine*. These poems were satirized as being the production of "four bards with Scriptural names." An edition of them purporting to be "the first published in book form, edited with notes and appendix, by Luther G. Riggs," was published at New Haven in 1861. Humphreys was minister to Lisbon from 1791 to 1792, and afterward minister to Spain till 1802, and on his return imported 100 merino sheep and engaged in the manufacture of woolens. He had command of two Connecticut regiments in the war of 1812, after which he lived in retirement. His principal poems are an "Address to the Armies of the United States," a "Poem on the Happiness of America," a tragedy entitled "The Widow of Malabar," translated from the French of La Micire," and a "Poem on Agriculture." His miscellaneous works contain, besides his poems a biography of Gen. Putnam and several orations and other prose compositions. His last works were written between the years 1782 to 1804.

Kings and Kingdoms.

J. M. Andevars, Sioux City, Iowa:

1. Will the Blade tell how a king and queen can rule at the same time? 2. Also the difference between a kingdom and an empire?

Answer.—1. They do not rule. The emperor, that is, the territory or country over which he rules. It is usually asserted that there is now no clearly marked distinction between an emperor and a king, but if the primary meaning of the words is taken into consideration, there is a difference. Further, even now, the common understanding of words regards an empire as of greater extent than a kingdom, and further comprising a variation in the nationality of its subjects, and different forms of administration in its constituent parts. The word empire comes from the Latin imperium, which conveyed the signification of absolute power in its possessor. The "imperium" of a ruler, whether he was king or consul, was the power he possessed of bringing physical force into operation to carry out his behests. One who possessed the imperium was called the "imperator," from which the word emperor was derived. There were many imperators among the Romans, possessed of powers more or less limited in extent; the title followed the name, implying simply that its owner was an imperator, or ruler; Julius Cæsar was the first to put it before his name, implying that he was the emperor, that is, the ruler above all others. The title was subsequently used for the possessor of the sovereignty of the Roman world, and thence passed to Charlemagne, the founder of the German empire. The word king is from the Saxon, and seems to have originally meant a family. Sanscrit root meaning father. This is in accordance with the fact that all government can be traced to the rule of the patriarch in primitive times, the head of the family, the husband, and father. The king was the father of his people, so to speak, and, therfore, the person vested with supreme power in the state. In modern times the checks that have been placed upon the king's power are many, but an emperor is still understood to possess in a great degree an absolute sovereignty. The only empires now existing are those of Austria, Germany, Russia, Turkey, China and Japan—all but the first two named being pure despotisms. The Queen of England bears the title of Empress of India, but this is a mere title, and confers no imperial power. 2. It seldom happens that a king and queen are joint sovereigns. Strictly speaking, the wife of the lawful kingreguant—that is, the one who has succeeded to his throne—is his subject, and the husband of a queen-consort is the subject of his wife. Certain privileges are usually accorded to a queen, these differing in different countries. In England, the queen can make a grant to her husband and receive one from him; she can sue and be sued alone, and purchase land without the king's concurrence. William and Mary of England were joint sovereigns, but only so that the crown was put upon the English throne. In all acts of the government the name of Mary was inserted, but according to the terms of the convention which settled the crown upon the pair, the sole administration of affairs was to be in the hands of William. As Mary was of an easy, unambitious temper, she never interfered with her husband's desire to wield the full and undivided authority of the crown. Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain were joint sovereigns. Their marriage by uniting the royal houses of Castile and Arragon, made Spain one kingdom. But Isabella retained the rule in Castile independent of her husband, and on her death, Ferdinand only succeeded to the regency of that division of the country. Spain did not become in fact an undivided kingdom, until Ferdinand's death handed all his own and Isabella's territory and authority over to their grandson—Charles I.

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FASHIONS FOR MEN.

What is Worn This Summer by Those Who Keep up With the Style.

A young man hasn't much use for the full frock suit that once got popularity under the name of Prince Albert. The double-breasted frock came in, it is sometimes suggested, for much the same reasons as crinoline. It conceals corpulency well enough, but has few other merits. Tailors still put it down, however, as very good for first. The grayish frock coat has had something of a vogue for coaching, and it matches nicely with the tall white hats in which Col. William Jay and Frederic Bronson open the coaching season. These gray suits are worn, too, at the spring races. Prince Albert coats are out this year, and show nothing of the waistcoat. Striped or plaid trousers may be worn with them.

For half-dress nothing seems able to crowd out the cutaways. The three-button one is the more popular model, though the old two-button has reappeared again. The marked tendency toward rolling fronts has led some of the fashion-makers to try a five-button coat, the top button-hole, however, being the only one used. All sorts of light-colored weight black cloth also makes up well for summer. Fancy waistcoats go with the cutaways, and in fact with almost any coat this summer. Light-colored plaid or striped trousers complete a half-dress suit. With no two pieces of the same cloth or pattern, one can easily produce the effect of an apparently inexhaustible wardrobe. The cutaway coat is good for morning or afternoon wear, for receiving, riding, driving or any other general use.

A compromise between half-dress and business or lounging dress is the one-piece three-button cutaway coat of rough, light goods, with patch breast pockets and side flaps. These coats are made of cheviots. All other business suits are cut sack fashion. Sack coats are loose this year, with wider backs. The plaid and check patterns used are wild and fantastic enough to make mountain resort scenery feel very cheap. Sack suits may be cut all of the same piece, but the particular rad this season is to blend all three, coat, waistcoat and trousers, of some gorgeous check and pattern. Even fancy waistcoats are worn with these light-colored sack coats. All waistcoats are cut a little lower this season. The newest fancy patterns are made of a light fabric that can be worn without starching. A good laundryman can sponge the material when it is soiled, and the fit is improved immensely by the absence of a dead weight of stiffening. Trousers are cut off about the same width as last winter's. Plaids are more popular now than stripes.—*New York Tribune*.

WEATHER-PROPHET BIRDS.

How Gulls, Swans and Woodpeckers Foretell Weather Changes.

In Hampshire swans are believed to be hatched in thunderstorms, and it is said that those on the Thames have an instinctive prescience of floods. Before heavy rains they raise their nests. This is characteristic of many birds, which add piles of material to their nests to prevent swamping. When rooks fly high and seem to imitate birds of prey by soaring, swooping and falling, it is almost a certain sign of coming storm. Staying in the vicinity of the rookery, returning at midday, or coming to roost unusually late are also held to be omens to the like effect. Various proverbs would seem to indicate that the cry of the owl, if heard in bad weather, foretells a change.

The constant iteration of the green woodpecker's cry before a storm has given it the names of rain bird, rain pie, and rain fowl. Stormcock is a local name for and shared by this bird and the missel thrush, the latter often singing through gales of wind and rain. Storm bird is also applied to the fieldfare. The abhorrence in which mariners hold the swallow-like storm petrel is well known; its appearance is believed to denote awful weather. The kittiwake gull is the Mother Carey's chicken of sailors, and is also called storm finch and water witch. Herons, says an old author, flying up and down in the evening, as if doubtful where to rest, presage some evil approaching weather"—a legend as old as Virgil, though probably devoid of foundation.

Concerning gulls in general, children who live by the sea say, "Seagull, seagull, sit on the sand; it's never good weather while you're on the land;" and fisherfolk know that when the seamews fly out early and far to seaward fair weather may be expected. To Scotch shepherds the drumming of the snipe indicates dry weather and frosts at night, and Gilbert White remarks that woodcocks have been observed to be remarkably listless against snowy, foul weather; while, according to another author, their early arrival and continued abode "foretells a severe winter." In Wiltshire the coming of the dotterel betokens frost and snow, and there is a proverb that the booming of the bittern will be followed by rain or worse. In Morayshire, when the wild geese go out to sea, they say the weather will be fine; but if toward the hill, stormy.

The saw-like note of the great titmouse is said to foretell rain; that of the blue-tit cold. In the south of France so much store is set by the wisdom of the magpie, that if it builds its nest on the summit of a tree the country-folk expect a season of calm; but if lower down, winds and tempests are sure to follow. When a jackdaw is seen to stand on one of the vanes of the cathedral tower at Wells, it is said that rain is sure to follow within twenty-four hours. Wells must be a wet place! In Germany, dwellers in the country lack faith in the skylark's song as announcing fine weather; but the joint duet of his wife, cuckoo sing together they know that summer has come. The robin, buzzard, lapwing, starling, and a number of other birds are said to foretell weather changes; we have noticed that in nearly all the species named the various cries and calls are closely connected with the bird's food supply.—*London News*.

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LOCUSTS ARE HERE

AND ARE SINGING TO THE FARMERS.

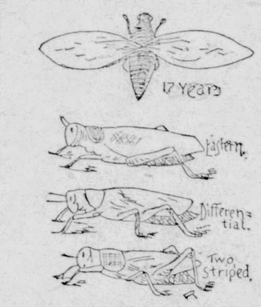
Career of an Interesting Insect Now Infesting Illinois and Iowa—The Ingenious Grubber Rises from a Hole in the Ground.

THE seventeen year locust has no wings like the lightning-bug, neither is it wingless like the bed-bug, but it gets there just the same. Just now it is there, as dispatches from all over Illinois and Iowa indicate. Fortunately for the peace of the farmers and gardeners, the insect comes, as its name indicates, only once in every seventeen years. There are cases on record in which it was belated a year or two, and there is a more greedy sort of the insect which comes every thirteen years.

One of the most remarkable things about the seventeen-year locust (*cicada septemdecim*) is that it is no locust at all. Professor O. S. Westcott, principal of the North Division High school, known among the scholastics of Chicago as the great "bug man," has made the seventeen-year locust a special study. The professor, like most scientists with a specialty, is a warm defender of his pet, and what he says about his specialty is certainly deserving of consideration on the part of the farmers, who just now are alarmed over the repetition of an invasion which created consternation in 1871 and 1854.

"The Rocky Mountain locust is a locust," remarked the professor. "It's a plague for the vegetables, but its furnishes a sort of animal food in return. John the Baptist lived on this kind of locust, taking them with a dressing of wild honey. Prof. C. V. Riley, the United States entomologist, fed on locusts as meat food for a week, and he seems to have relished the dish in a great way, though he complains that the hind legs are rather chippy. I think the farmers out west, instead of complaining about starvation cutlsed by the locusts, ought to have gathered, cooked and eaten them.

"The seventeen-year locust is not, properly speaking, a locust. *Cicada septemdecim* is the correct name of the insect. It belongs to the same family as the species called harvest fly (*cicada pruinosa*), though the latter is never so abundant as the former. The seventeen-year fellows were here in '71 and '54, and they were prophesied for the present year with the same assurance as an astronomer predicts an eclipse. The cicada—to keep the proper



A FAMILY GROUP.

name—does not devastate crops at all. It is perfectly harmless in that respect. It prunes the trees, so to speak, defoliates the smaller limbs and twigs, but even here there is good reason for it. The male puts in an appearance first, and later on comes the female. The latter stays a little longer than the former. It has, like most females, the last word. Either of them stays on about 30 days. That is the working period of their career. The females of seventeen years are then spent in operations necessary for the propagation of the species. The latter interesting part of their exis ence may be briefly described as follows: The eggs are deposited by the female in small twigs. Under the invasion of the foreign substance the twigs die and break off. While the tiny ground the male larvæ hatch from the eggs and crawl into the ground, where they thrive and grow for seventeen years. Reaching maturity, the pupa emerges from the ground, climbs the nearest tree or shrub and attaches itself to the bark. Then its back splits and the winged insect works its way to liberty, leaving the lifeless case attached to the shrub."

Thus far Professor Westcott. Much has been written in scientific works about the cicada, because there is hardly a parallel case of transformation within the whole range of natural history, yet the most interesting facts relative to the history of the insects were not known until the latter part of the sixties, when Professor Riley took up the subject in the *American Entomologist*. It has been discovered that besides the seventeen-year broods, the appearance of which was recorded as long ago as 1633, there are also thirteen-year broods; and that, though both sometimes occur in the same states, yet, in general terms, the seventeen-year broods may be said to belong to the Northern, and the thirteen-year broods to the Southern states. It so happened that the largest broods of either species appeared simultaneously in the summer of 1868. Such an event had up to that time not taken place since 1647, nor will it occur again till 2058. There are absolutely no perceptible differences between the two broods, other than in the time of maturing.

It is not a little singular, however, that two distinct forms occur in both broods, a large one and a small one—the former by far the most numerous. The true *Cicada septemdecim* will measure on an average 1¼ inches from the head to the tip of the closed wings, and almost always expands over three inches. The whole under side of the abdomen is more or less of a dull orange-brown color, and, in the male more especially, four or five of the segments are edged with the same color on the back. The female is on an average only about two-thirds as large, and usually lacks the dull orange abdominal marks. The two forms show no disposition to associate together, and produce very different sounds.

The season of their appearance and disappearance differs somewhat with the latitude, but the last half of May can be set down as the period during which they emerge from the ground in any part of the country, while they generally leave by the first days of July. They frequently appear in small numbers the year before or the year after their proper period. In regard to the burying process spoken of by Prof. Westcott it has been observed that after a series of heavy rains the pupas have continued their galleries, usually subterranean, to form four to six inches above ground, leaving an orifice of egress even with the surface. In the upper end of these chambers the pupas have been found awaiting their approaching time of change. They are then backed down to below the level of the earth, came up to the orifice as usual and underwent their regular transformation. When ready to transform the pupas invariably attached themselves to some object, and after the fly has evolved the pupa skin it left adhering. The operation of emerging from the pupa generally takes place between the hours of 6 and 9 p. m., and ten minutes after the pupa skin bursts on the back the cicada will have entirely freed itself from it. Immediately after leaving the pupa skin the body is soft and white, with the exception of a black patch on the prothorax. The wings are developed in less than an hour, but the natural colors of the body are not acquired till several hours have elapsed. These recently developed cicades are somewhat dull for a day or so after transforming, but soon become more active, both in flight and song, as their muscles harden. The males alone are capable of "singing," and they are true ventriloquists. The rattling noise they make is produced by a system of muscles in the lower part of the body which work on the drums under the wings by alternately tightening and loosening them.

HERE I AM AGAIN.

About two points great difference of opinion prevails among scientists. One is whether the sting of the periodical cicada is poisonous, and the other relates to the damage they do. In regard to the first point close observers incline to believe that, just as the sting of a bee will affect some persons nigh unto death and have no effect whatever on others, so the puncture of the beak of a cicada will be more serious with some than with others, though there is no poison gland attached to the beak. In regard to the injury they do, Prof. Riley, says: "The injury to fruit trees which the female causes by her punctures is often quite serious. This is especially the case in a young orchard or in a nursery. When the wind is high the cicada sometimes, with its aid, bends down to some extent, but without much wind they cannot be driven at all, as when you start them they are just as likely to fly behind as before you. Indeed, when once in the fly state there is no available way of preventing their ruinous work. While in their feeble and helpless condition, however, as they weave in the ground, they can be destroyed with but little trouble."

A Distinguished Clergyman's Testimony.

Rev. R. M Pickens, President of the Methodist Protestant Church of South Carolina, writes from Greenville:

"About four years ago I was attacked with what the physicians pronounced neuralgic rheumatism, accompanied with erysipelas. My appetite failed me entirely, and I had an intermitting pulse and very irregular pulsations of the heart. A terrible pain soon came into my chest and shoulders, and I became so helpless that I could attend to no business at all. The pains were movable, and would sometimes pass from one part of my body to another. Finally the erysipelas broke out on my left hand, and produced much swelling. I was for eighteen months afflicted in this way, and of course used a great many kinds of medicines, but nothing gave me relief. Friends finally persuaded me to try Swift's Specific. I noticed a decided improvement while taking the first bottle. I continued its use until I had taken about one dozen bottles, when I found myself sound and well again, with no sign of disease left except a stiffness in my hand, a result of the erysipelas. While taking the medicine I gained on an average two pounds of flesh per week. I thing S. S. S. is a valuable medicine, and I frequently recommend it to my friends."

Write to the Swift Specific Co., Atlanta, Ga., for a Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases, mailed free to anyone.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS

By One of the New York "Sun's" Staff Who Knows What He Is Talking About.

The easiest way to raise your mortgage is to sell your house.

About this time look out for Buffalo moths. If they get a foothold in your house nothing but death and fire can rid you of them, neither of which is a satisfactory remedy to a householder.

It is not in accordance with the principle of good neighborhood to kindle your fire with pickets from your neighbor's fence.

Do not flaunt your riches in the face of your poor guest. It may encourage him to borrow money from you.

An economical man will keep a cheap grade of cigars for his friends. There is nothing so discourages smoking in one's friends as a cheap cigar.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin*.

It is well not to stick your dog on your landlord while he is considering your request to paper the house and put in a new ash receiver.

A valuable hint to persons who rent their houses to others while they go abroad is this: Lock every door in the house and stipulate that your tenant shall confine himself to the back yard and the halls. If with this understanding you can get a good rental for your house, you may congratulate yourself on a good stroke of business.

No polished woman will ask a baldheaded man for a lock of his hair simply to amuse her other guests.

Never recount your woes to your friends, for some day your friends may reciprocate the confidence, and recount their troubles to you, and you, of course know how disagreeable that is.

The Opening of the Campaign.

To open the campaign with any hopes of speedy success, attack the enemy, malaria, before it has a chance to intrench. An obstinate foe 'twill prove if you don't go right at it. If you are prudent, too, you will have fortified, upon the first intimation of its presence in your neighborhood, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters as the medicinal ammunition that you require. Every form of malarial fever yields to this fine preventive and remedy. For constipation, liver complaint, dyspepsia, nervousness and kidney trouble it is no less effective. Residents of malarial localities, and persons sojourning in or bound for the great West, should select this medicine as a means of defense against the frequent visitations of miasma. Those in delicate health, the aged and the enfeebled, should in every instance resort to this signal invigorant. Use it for weak nerves,

The Czar's Summer Plans.

It is understood in St. Petersburg that the czar, in abandoning his projected visit to Samarcand this summer, was moved in the first place by considerations of economy and next by a desire not to give rise to the rumor which such a journey on his majesty's part would excite in England. The czar and the imperial family will shortly make a sea excursion in the Finland archipelago, and the imperial visit to the south and the Caucasus will be undertaken toward the end of the summer.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

Where Lightning Struck Twice.

The residence of A. Schooley, in Bloomsburg, Pa., was struck by lightning last Friday. The current took away a chimney and passed through a room in which children were sleeping without harming them. The chimney was shattered by lightning, and the same room was damaged last summer.—*Philadelphia Record*.

Can't Sleep!

Sleeplessness and fearful dreams are the earliest and surest signs of brain exhaustion. In healthy sleep brain force is being stored up to meet the next day's demands. But nowadays the nervous system has been so overtasked that it is unable to control the mind, and at night the worries, troubles, and work are as present as during the day. Hence the brain has not time to recuperate its energies. The proper medical remedies are sedatives, nerve tonics, laxatives, and regulators of the general functions. Coca and celery are the sedatives and nerve tonic demanded, and in Paine's Celery Compound their full beneficial effect is obtained. It also contains, in scientific proportions, the best remedies of the materia medica for constipation, and kidney and liver disorders. This is a brief description of the medicine which has brought sweet rest to thousands who tossed in sleeplessness from night to morning, or whose morbid dreams caused them to awake more tired than ever. All nervous, sleepless, debilitated or aged people will find vigor and perfect health in the great nerve tonic, Paine's Celery Compound. Price $1.00. Sold by Druggists. Circulars free.

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THURSDAY, JULY 5, 1888.

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Circulation Last Week, 108,000.

NATIONAL REPUBLICAN TICKET.

For President,
GEN. BENJAMIN HARRISON,
Of Indiana.

For Vice President,
HON. LEVI P. MORTON,
Of New York.

THE BLADE is the only political weekly newspaper of the United States of national circulation—it reaching every state and territory—a thing which can be said of no other Republican paper. The coming Presidential campaign will be of intense interest, because it will hinge on the Tariff issue. The BLADE stands squarely for the economic policy which has, in the period since the close of the war, quadrupled the wealth of FOR THE the nation, rendered us industrially independent of all other people, enormously extended the home markets for our farmers, thus fostering the enormous extension of our agriculture and largely increasing the absolute value of the farms of the nation, against the suicidal policy favored by President CLEVELAND in his annual message and formulated in the Mills free CAMPAIGN! trade bill now before Congress. The BLADE will not only heartily support the nominee of the Chicago convention, but will make a special feature of the great issue on which the campaign will turn. To this end, we shall begin, in a few weeks, the publication of a "TARIFF PRIMER," which will explain the matter of Protection vs. Free Trade in a manner SEND FOR so plain that the young voter need not err. We shall aim to make the BLADE a great Political Educator for the people. Hence every Republican should endeavor to place it, for the campaign, in the hands of every voter in his town or township or school district. Send for our campaign terms. We will furnish it so CAMPAIGN that campaign subscribers will obtain it at the lowest rate ever given by a first-class newspaper. We want an agent at every Postoffice in this country, who will work to give us a grand campaign list. We had 200,000 names on our list during the battle of 1884, and we want 300,000 this year. Our terms to agents for this purpose are so liberal that they will have TERMS. no difficulty in obtaining clubs of 100 or more in a single day. Send us lists of names of persons to whom we may send specimen copies. Write NOW for agents' campaign terms. Address THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

THE TWO SIDES OF THE WAR AGAINST THE DRINK EVIL.

The fact is plain to every thinking man that public sentiment is adverse to Rum. It marks the man who drinks with the brand of moral weakness, and him who deals in Rum as outside the social pale. It thus passes a judgment which is effective, whether we accept the one argument that the drinker is responsible, because if he did not drink there would be no one to sell Rum; or whether we adopt the other, that the saloonist is a tempter, eager that his fellow-men shall fall under the spell of Rum that he may amass ill-gotten wealth. Public sentiment—the consensus of opinion of the mass of intelligent people—thus holds both arguments to be measurably true. The drunkard is culpable in that he is not able to resist the promptings of appetite; the saloonist is at fault, in that he spreads a net for the feet of the weak and unwary.

The argument is often raised against Prohibition that it is an effort to make men sober by legal enactment, and that therefore it must necessarily fail. But this is a one-sided argument, because it does not follow that, because the friends of Prohibition bend their energies to the extinction of the Rum traffic, there shall be absolutely no effort made to save individuals from the dominion of Rum. The one does not clash with the other; on the contrary, both methods of dealing with the drink curse are being pushed energetically. Prohibition on the one hand, and reform of the individual upon the other. The latter work must be done by the home, by the school, by the church, by the force of public opinion; and a glance at the field will show that all these educational and moral forces are industriously working to save men from danger.

There is no parent who is himself conversant with the terrible nature of the Rum evil but will endeavor to inculcate upon the plastic mind of his children the great truth that total abstinence is the only rule that is compatible with absolute safety. Thus there is a tremendous power for temperance exerted in the homes of the nation, which is ably supplemented by the teaching of the physiological evils of alcohol in the common schools of many states—an addition to the curriculum which is steadily growing in favor, almost each year showing an increase in the number of commonwealths which insist upon such instruction by rendering it mandatory upon teachers and school officers. To these forces for good the church comes as a most powerful auxiliary.

All these are but part, in fact, of the great public sentiment inimical to intemperance—a sentiment that deepens year by year, and which is rapidly making itself felt in every social and business avenue. The young man who is known to be addicted to drinking finds many a bar thus placed before him across paths he would wish to tread. Doors are closed to him that would but for that weakness—or rather, vice—gladly open to him. Careful mothers of young daughters do not desire his social visits. Business men do not want a man who is not his own master to fill any position of trust or responsibility. There are many railways which follow the unwritten rule that no man who uses liquor shall remain in their employ. The young man who allows himself to drink is handicapped in the outset of his social and business career by that one fact.

It is plain that the work in favor of personal temperance is in competent hands, and is already energetically prosecuted. From the very nature of the moral and social forces engaged in it, it is plain that its effectiveness is steadily increasing. But it can do nothing with the—alas! too numerous!—class of people who, through weakness, or ignorance, or bad surroundings, or vicious tendencies, can not be reached and controlled by these potent forces. Taken altogether, this forms a very large proportion of our population. For them, there is no solution save through Prohibition. The problem then presents itself: Shall the state supplement their lack of the ability or the desire to control one of their baser appetites by rendering it difficult or impossible of gratification?

There is a growing sentiment favoring an affirmative answer to this question. The alarming increase of crime, directly traceable to the rum habit; the increasing burden of taxation for penal and reformatory and charitable institutions, a large per cent. of whose inmates are brought thither through the effects of Rum; the determined opposition of the Rum Power to all legislation intended to abridge the power of the saloon for evil; its evasion and defiance of law; its antagonism to Sabbath observance; in fine, its utter unmanageableness in any way, all taken together, are bringing men to understand that there is but one effective way of dealing with the Rum Power, and that is to crush it, destroy it, exterminate it. It is a traffic, but not a legitimate business. It supplies no real and proper human need, but simply panders to vice and crime. It is an evil without one redeeming trait, one logical excuse for existence, save to minister to human depravity. The work of personal temperance effort must be be supplemented by the State reaching out its powerful arm to

Pulverize the Rum Power.

We want the addresses of all Secretaries of Republican clubs. Will our friends kindly send those of all clubs in their neighborhood? Address THE BLADE, Toledo, O.

AN OBSTINATE MUGWUMP.

It is curious enough to read the twistings and turnings of GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS to make it appear that he is satisfied with himself for deserting the Republican party in 1884 and supporting a man who has broken every promise he made at that time, and who will not be likely to redeem himself in another term of office. "This journal sees no reason to regret the action which it then took." It would really be a satisfaction if Mr. CURTIS would point out a single evidence of a purification of the public service. He has the grace to acknowledge that the administration has not reached that degree of reform in the civil service which was desired, but he waves that majestically aside, with the assertion that in other ways much has been done, and through the personal influence of Mr. CLEVELAND.

Mr. Curtis's determined mugwumpism will hold him to the present occupant of the White House even though the latter tramples the avowed object of his departure from the Republican party still deeper in the mud. He will go on with his praises of this "upright patriot of conservative temperament," as he dubs him, shutting his eyes to the fact of Mr. Cleveland's entire disregard of his pledges, and he will do this because he has not the manliness and courage to own that he has been mistaken. G. W. prides himself upon his firmness.

THE fight between the telephone company and the city of St. Louis has ended. It will be remembered that the company was charging $100 a year rental for each telephone, and the city council passed an ordinance reducing it to $50. The company denied the right of the city to do this, and proceeded to remove the instruments of those patrons who refused to pay $100. The mayor thereupon ordered the removal of the poles and wires from the streets. The company protested and asked the mayor to test the case in the courts. He replied that if the telephone company wanted to go into the courts the way was open. The fight ended in the company receding from its position, and accepting the $50 rental. This victory for the people gives hope that the rates may yet be fixed at a reasonable figure in all cities.

SEND FOR CAMPAIGN TERMS.

We want to have every Republican voter in the country on our subscription lists for the coming Presidential campaign. Our terms to agents are so liberal that they can find no difficulty in getting every one to subscribe. Send for agents' campaign terms, and also a list of names to whom we may mail sample copies.

THE campaign of lies against HARRISON has been inaugurated by the publication of roorbacks to the effect that the Chinese are in favor of his election. It is even stated that a wealthy Chinaman of San Francisco offers to give $50,000 to help his campaign. The story is a weak invention. That "wealthy Chinaman" knows that the policy of exclusion of his race is not only a matter of law, but of treaty stipulation, and that there is no intelligent American but favors that policy entirely and emphatically. Such lying but exposes the weakness of the attempt to make a personal campaign of dirt against Gen. HARRISON.

SOME newspapers are devoting much time to descanting upon Mrs. HARRISON's many virtues. Don't! The outpourings of fulsome adulation concerning Mrs. CLEVELAND, by Democratic papers, have given the people a surfeit of such slush. Mrs. HARRISON is a most estimable lady, but there is no need of exploiting the fact. She is not a candidate, and the general will not follow CLEVELAND'S style of pushing his wife to the front.

WITH 100,000 iron workers idle, the people can see what would be the result of the passage of the Mills bill. Now they are idle because of a strike; in that case they would be idle because there would be no work—and there would be tens of thousands of workmen in other lines to keep them company.

VAN BUREN was bitterly opposed in 1840 because of his cowardly and vacillating policy regarding complications with Canada. The same objection holds against CLEVELAND in 1888. HARRISON defeated VAN BUREN and HARRISON will defeat CLEVELAND.

SPEAKING of the alien land owners of the United States in a speech in the Senate in 1886, General HARRISON declared that our policy should be "small farms, worked by the men who own them." This is a sentiment that every American will heartily endorse.

THERE are only seven Presidential tickets in the field this year—Republican, Democratic, Prohibition, Union Labor, United Labor, Industrial Reform and Woman Suffrage—though the latter is of the nature of a burlesque.

SENATOR ALLISON says the Republican Presidential nomination is "an excellent one, which will develop the full strength of the party. HARRISON is a brilliant man, experienced statesman and patriot."

AT the battle of Peach Tree Creek General HARRISON stripped his shirt from his body and tore it into bandages for his wounded soldiers. Is there anything "cold" or "unsympathetic" in such a man?

BARNUM is again the chairman of the Democratic National Committee. He will have difficulty in buying enough "mules" to elect CLEVELAND.

A REDUCTION of postage would be a good thing. The country can afford it.

THE SOUTHERN SITUATION.

The National Republican platform, recently adopted at Chicago, declares:

We charge that the present administration and the Democratic majority in Congress owe their existence to the suppression of the ballot by a criminal nullification of the constitution and the laws of the United States.

As a statement of fact, the above does not admit of controversy. The suppression of the colored vote is admitted by all honest Southern men. HENRY WATTERSON editor of the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, had an article on the subject in a late number of the *Forum*, in which he frankly said:

I should be entitled to no respect or credit if I pretended that there is either a fair poll or count of the vast overflow of black voters in states where there is a negro majority, or that, in the nature of things present, there can be. There was not when the ballot-box was guarded by federal bayonets. There is not now.

Nor is it denied that this suppression of the colored vote is in violation of the spirit of the last two amendments to the federal constitution. The plea for this suppression is "self-preservation"—protection from the rule of "an ignorant and irresponsible majority."

It is within the power of any state to limit the franchise. Any Southern state can enact laws which will restrict the right to vote, if such laws do not make "race, color, or previous condition of servitude" the basis of restriction.

The wrong against the remainder of the states consists in the practical restriction of the suffrage without a corresponding reduction in the basis of representation in Congress, as provided for in the second clause of the Fourteenth Amendment, which declares that when the right to vote at any election for electors for President and Vice President, Representatives in Congress, state representatives or executive or judicial officers, is denied to citizens over 21, or abridged, the basis of representation shall be reduced in the proportion which the number so denied or restricted shall bear to the whole voting population.

The result is, that the vote of a white man in these states more than equals the vote of a citizen in any other state. There is an injustice in this which should be remedied. The contention of the Republican party is that this shall be and must be done. If the states whose people thus violate a constitutional guarantee will not honestly and honorably accept the diminished representation demanded of them by the plain letter of the constitution, Congress shall, in the new apportionment, make such reduction.

There are thousands of the thinking men of the South who see danger in the present condition and who believe that this should be done. The remedy given by WATTERSON, in the article referred to above, does not reach the injustice done to the other states by the usurpation of the dominant class in the South. He says there will be a free ballot and a fair count in the South "when both races divide on other than race lines, and when, with the disappearance of old antagonisms, new issues, involving differences of opinion among the whites and blacks alike, remove from each the dangers of by-gone conflict."

This will be the work of years—of a generation, probably. Shall these states of the black belt, during all this time, retain more than their proportionate representation in Congress? The question is its own answer. There are two lines of action open to them:

First—To allow a fair ballot and an honest count.

Second—To pass proper laws, restricting suffrage and accept the diminished representation to which they are entitled under the constitution.

WE WANT CAMPAIGN AGENTS.

We offer better terms than any other paper for campaign subscribers to the BLADE. Those who wish to make a neat sum with but little exertion are requested to write to use at once for agents' terms for campaign subscriptions. Send also a list of names of persons to whom we may mail sample copies.

THE REAL FACT.

Senator GIBSON spoke somewhat at length the other day, before the Louisiana legislature of the real feeling of the North towards the South, and in a tone so different from that assumed by Southern politicians as to deserve special mention. He said that it was utterly untrue that the people of the former section desired nothing so much as the humiliation of the people of the latter. It was the fruit of misrepresetation made for political purposes by those who knew better, but whose object was to keep the South solid according to their "conception of partisan safety and welfare." Falsehood is a part of their stock in trade, and they have not scrupled to represent the North as ready to flaunt the bloody shirt at all times and seasons.

This is absolutely untrue. See tional harmony and a good feeling which will cause a union of purpose in advancing the prosperity of the whole country is what is most earnestly desired at the North. So far this sentiment has not been met with any return by the Southern people. With but rare exceptions, Northern men are not welcomed when they seek homes at the South. They are treated in most localities like aliens and interlopers, and if they desire any social recognition whatever, their political principles must accord with those of the one party there. Anything else will cause them to be ostracised. No doubt this is due to the false statements made by party leaders and politicians, but it is certainly true that when the bloody shirt is waved it is done by the Southern people.

See that your neighbor takes the BLADE during the campaign. Send for terms to agents.

THE Cleveland *Leader* draws a parallel between political conditions in 1840 and 1888 as follows:

Two Democratic Presidents, Martin Van Buren and Grover Cleveland, have been elected from the state of New York. Both of them were candidates for a second term long before their first was finished, and both were renominated. Martin Van Buren was defeated in 1840 by William Henry Harrison, the idol of the West and a brave soldier. Grover Cleveland will be defeated in November by Benjamin Harrison, the grandson of the man who conquered Van Buren. Like the hero of Tippecanoe, he is a Western leader and a soldier with a gallant record, and like him he will become the center of a ringing campaign song and popular enthusiasm long before the ballots are counted next November. William Henry Harrison was the ninth President elected by the people, and Benjamin Harrison will be the nineteenth. There, as every Republican trusts, the parallel will end.

GENERAL HARRISON showed much excellent taste the other night when his friends and neighbors gathered around him with congratulations. He said nothing of a partisan character but told them that their affectionate regard was more to him than "the decoration of kings or the nomination of a great party."

THERE are no longer any mugwumps. The papers which bolted the Republican ticket in 1884 because they disliked BLAINE, now refuse to support HARRISON because they are free traders. They are Democrats, pure and simple

THE elements which attract the higher thought of the people are present in both the platform and the two men who stand thereon.

EMIGRATION from Italy to South America is so great as to alarm the Italian Government. It has nearly doubled in a year.

THE United States is piling up riches fast. Its wealth is now estimated to be six times what it was in 1850.

THE Republican ticket is bound to grow in favor because it represents the principles of the party.

EACH MAN'S DUTY.

Now that the nominations for both parties have been made, the conventions dispersed and the campaign fairly begun, it behooves every man to stop and think what is his duty as a citizen of a country which claims to have the best government in the world, but a government which derives its strength from the intelligent action of the people. The ballot is a trust confided to each individual to use for the public good, and not for any advancement of self-interest. Each one should employ it to help sustain the party which exemplifies the principles he believes to be those which will best promote the prosperity of the country. In making his selection he must also consider the method of working and the character and qualifications of the men put forward as the party's representatives.

At the present time, they whose judgment and feeling incline them toward the Republican party can find all of their questions in these directions answered in so satisfactory a manner, that they can conscientiously devote every energy to its triumph in November. The platform is a clear-cut, well-defined statement of the most enlightened principles of government. There is no hedging, no concealed issues, but everything which the party pledges itself to is so openly stated, that no mistake can be made. And through it all is such a ring of earnestness and sincerity, that none can doubt what will be demanded of those who may be elected to carry out its pledges.

No one can hesitate in voting the Republican ticket because of the character of the candidates. They come before the people with a clean record, with nothing which any voter need be ashamed to countenance, honest and incorruptible in all their dealings, both in public and private. The duty of every Republican has no drawback of doubt as to the men he is to support for the chief offices in the gift of the state.

These things being true, it is hard to see how any one who has ever, in the past, voted with the Republican party, can reconcile it with his conscience now to join any other issues whatever. The mugwumps can find no longer an excuse for mugwumpism. The man to whom they gave their vote at the last election has violated the pledges he then gave, and his moral character is certainly not without blot. The ground of their desertion is swept from under them, and if they do not return and do their duty, it can be only because they are angry and disgruntled, with no regard for the prosperity of the nation which they then claimed to be seeking. What it is right for them to do, there is no manner of doubt; what they will do remains to be seen.

Every subscriber is asked to aid in extending the campaign subscriptions to the BLADE. Ask your neighbors to subscribe. Send for agents' campaign terms.

THE Sugar Trust, whose interests have been so carefully conserved by the Mills bill, has chosen an inopportune time to show its power. It has notified the sugar brokers of the country that they will be boycotted if they sell the sugars of refiners who do not belong to the trust. All this has happened in New York, and this brings into importance a decision rendered a few days ago by the court of Appeals in that state, which declares that if workingmen combine to prevent a man from pursuing his trade and threaten to boycott those who employ him, they are guilty of conspiracy. The Sugar Trust is clearly, under this decision, guilty of conspiracy, for it has done exactly the same thing. It attempts to prevent all refiners that do not pay it tribute from pursuing their business. Let the Democratic officials of New York city apply the law at once. Are workingmen to be made to obey, and a monster trust be allowed to go scot free?

THE first ancestor of the Republican Presidential nominee mentioned in history is thus spoken of by SAMUEL PEPYS, in his diary, under date of October 13, 1660:

I went to Charing Cross to see Major General Harrison hanged, drawn, and quartered, which was done there. He looked as cheerful as any man could do in that condition. He was presently cut down, and his head and heart shown to the people, at which there were great shouts of joy. It is said that he said that he was sure to come shortly at the right hand of Christ to judge them that now had judged him, and that his wife do expect his coming again. Thus it was my chance to see the king beheaded at Whitehall, and to see the first blood shed in revenge for the king at Charing Cross.

Major General HARRISON was a gallant soldier in CROMWELL'S army during the English Revolution, an open enemy of King CHARLES the First, and met his fate after the Restoration as a hero should, in his dying moments appealing to the Supreme Ruler for judgment upon the righteousness of his acts and motives.

ONE of the strongest cartoons that has appeared for many a day is that upon the last page of the current number of *The Judge*. Every workingman should see and study its meaning. Upon the left, reclining in a large arm chair upon a pillow, is the gaunt form of a man representing English Industries. By his side stands burly John Bull with a towel at his eyes mopping away the tears. At the left stands the stalwart American workingman, full of vigor, a doctor upon each side of him, with CLEVELAND at his back, the latter urging a transfusion of his blood into the veins of the dying man. Below runs the legend: The doctors—"It may save the patient, but it is bound to weaken you, and if the experiment is a failure, you are a dead man;" to which the American workingman replies: "Then, gentlemen, I won't try it. Self-preservation is the first law of nature."

THE "spring poet" has ceased his labors, but his campaign brother is on deck like a giant refreshed. The BLADE hereby acknowledges the receipt, to date, of something less than a cord of campaign effusions. We thank the writers, even though we shall not be able to utilize but few of their productions. A competent person has been detailed to read all, and select the best, with the express stipulation that the remainder shall be instantly cremated. The best selections will be published from time to time, as we can find room.

ACCORDING to the rule of precedent, New York will go Republican this fall, the following being the way she has gone during the past quarter of a century:

1864.....Republican	1876.....Democratic
1868.....Democratic	1880.....Republican
1872.....Republican	1884.....Democratic

At no time since 1860 has New York been carried twice in succession for the same party in Presidential canvasses. Precedents, probabilities and the fitness of things indicate that this year the Empire state will be Republican.

GEN. HARRISON'S grandfather, though he was President but one month, declared through his secretary of state, DANIEL WEBSTER, that it is "a great abuse to bring the patronage of the government into conflict with the freedom of elections." That was his idea of civil service reform, and a good idea it is—and one that will be maintained by the younger HARRISON when he is the Nation's chief executive.

THE most trying ordeal to which a candidate, with honors suddenly thrust upon him, is subjected is the demand for speeches. That General HARRISON has responded to this demand with so much taste and discretion is highly to his credit and goes a long way to vindicate the judgment of the Chicago convention

CLEVELAND'S BROKEN PLEDGES.

When Mr. CLEVELAND was officially notified of his nomination for the Presidency by the Democratic national convention, through the medium of the notification committee, he told the gentlemen comprising that body: "The message which you bring awakens within me the liveliest sense of personal gratitude and satisfaction," and expressed himself to the effect that he was so well pleased that "there will be no room for any other sentiment." It is only charitable to assume that this overweening delight rendered him forgetful that four short years ago he declared that there is grave danger to the public service in allowing a President to seek a second term, and thus by implication promised that he would, if elected, content himself with a single term.

His pleasure over the formal announcement of his renomination seems to have been so much like that of a boy over a coveted plaything, that Mr. CLEVELAND'S memory was utterly oblivious to a number of things that well might have been recalled at that interesting juncture. He said the scene reminded him most vividly of a similar one four years ago, when he was the recipient of a like message from his party; but it seems to have recalled nothing further.

It might well have reminded him of his broken pledges to the people of the United States—not to his party alone, for had he but polled his party's strength he would not have been elected. It might well have recalled his solemn pledge to carry out the principle of civil service reform—a pledge that he adhered to only long enough to cast suspicion of grave dereliction of duty upon honest and capable officials, removed to give Democrats a chance at the spoils, and which pledge was then disregarded as utterly and completely as it was possible to do.

Neither did the scene recall to the President's memory, though it might well have done so, his own promise that the office-holders should not be allowed to interfere with the people in their selection of party candidates—a promise most flagrantly broken by himself in his successful efforts to control the state conventions of his own party in New York, Pennsylvania, Indiana and other states, through the labors of federal officials, and thus to control the National convention at St. Louis in his own interests. It might have reminded him of his own pronouncement against "offensive partisanship," for the extremely offensive work of his own partisans has been so recent and so extensive, in stuffing the conventions aforesaid, that the subject could not have required much effort to recall vividly.

Nor does the occasion seem to have reminded him of his pledge to execute the duties of his position in the interests of the whole country—which pledge he failed to fulfill in bestowing all the official favors possible upon the representatives of a section, and in forcing upon his party the adoption of an economic policy, which, if carried into effect, will deal a deadly blow at the interests of all America producers of raw materials, and at the manufacturing interests of the states which are Republican, while protecting those interests in states which are solidly Democratic. The only thing which it did recall to his mind, if his words are trustworthy, was the personal triumph which he achieved.

Mr. CLEVELAND'S memory may be short as regards the matters referred to above but the people can be trusted to remember them. They will not forget his long list of broken pledges, his utter indifference, in his self-sufficiency, to promises that secured to him the narrow margin of votes through which he achieved success Mr. CLEVELAND can never again hoodwink the people with worthless pledges. This year he will be judged by the standard of his performance, not by the promises he makes.

NASBY'S BOOKS.

We now have in stock all the published works of D. R. LOCKE, and can fill orders promptly. The demand for the "Cross Roads" letters in book form exceeded our expectations, and we have just caught up with back orders. We have announced on 5th page of this issue full particulars, prices, etc.

THE convention that has just closed in Chicago will go down in history as one of the longest in duration ever held by the Republican party. The one which shares that not very decided pre-eminence with it was the convention in 1880, in which the division between the forces of Grant, Blaine and Sherman kept it going for six days, commencing on Wednesday, adjourning over Sunday, and finally getting through on the next Tuesday. On the other hand, this convention did actually less balloting than any previous Republican convention at which there was any serious contest. In 1864, 1868 and 1872, the candidate was virtually selected when the convention met. It has only been within the past decade that so much time has been taken in consultation and deliberation outside the Convention Hall.

MR. PATRICK FORD, editor of the *Irish World*, speaking of Gen. HARRISON, our next President, says that "he will be an attractive candidate. He is a man whom every one respects. He is sound on the tariff, and will draw many Irish Americans to his standard. I think Gen. HARRISON can count on an Irish-American vote numbering many thousands. Before he has been in the field a month he will find that he is very popular with the foreign born population. The talk about his having voted in favor of Chinese immigration is mean and silly twaddle. He is an American and favors every policy that is American in purpose and tone."

THE Mexican electors to choose a President have been selected. There was no opposition to the Diaz ticket, and while the result in his favor was not received with any great display of rejoicing, general satisfaction was expressed throughout the republic to know that the affairs of the government would be administered for a third time by him. The electors will cast their votes for President DIAZ on Sunday, July 8.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND needs some one wiser than DAN LAMONT to advise him in his selections of persons for judicial positions. He has come to grief again by nominating JOHN T. PHILLIPS to be United States judge for the Western District of Missouri. He is the man who, while holding a place on the Supreme Bench of that state took part as counsel in the defense of the notorious FRANK JAMES. A fine choice that.

THE especial admirers of the new German Emperor bitterly denounce Sir MORELL MACKENZIE, and the inspiration of their feeling is the keeping of FREDERICK alive long enough to make some changes in Germany that cannot be unmade. The world looks with a different eye upon the brave English physician.

THE platform contains no suggestion of the "bloody shirt," but it does say what is true, that the present administration owes its existence to a suppression of the ballot by a criminal nullification of the Constitution and laws of the United States. That s a plain statement of a fact.

CURIOUS, isn't it, that while the East claims to have the weight of intellect, the Presidents are so apt to be Western men?

THE steady improvement in the health of Gen. SHERIDAN is a cause for rejoicing to millions of loyal people.

CONVENTION SPECULATION.

There has been a great deal of gossip in various newspapers over the nomination at Chicago, more or less of which purports to state the feelings of certain candidates for the first place over the course of events which resulted in the choice of HARRISON over themselves. We find but little in it that is in accordance with the facts of the situation. It may be interesting to the readers of the BLADE to sketch in outline the irresistible logic of events which resulted in the choice of HARRISON; for the action of the convention was the resultant of several factors, which were beyond the control of the friends of any one candidate.

The first thing to be remembered is, that of the 800 and more delegates there were over 500 who preferred Mr. BLAINE for the candidate, if he would accept the nomination, or could accept it with honor. The California delegation came into Chicago determined to place him formally before the convention and to adhere to him until a nomination was made. The Blaine sentiment had no leader until the Californians arrived. Then the men who believed that BLAINE would accept if it were clearly shown that he was the only candidate who could receive the nomination came to the front, and after considerable discussion, a plan of action was mapped out for achieving this result.

Many of the Blaine men were embarrassed by the instructions of state conventions, or by the fact that their own state had a presidential aspirant. It was deemed only just to the other candidates, as Mr. BLAINE had written his Florence and Paris letters, withdrawing his name, that no attempt should be made to force his nomination. The friends of each candidate were to have a fair chance to show his utmost strength, and California's demand to be allowed to cast her vote for BLAINE was finally assented to simply to avoid dissension. The Blaine men went upon the assumption that there were enough delegates who preferred BLAINE and believed that he would accept, if the nomination came with a sufficient degree of unanimity, to nominate him triumphantly when it was demonstrated that no other candidate possessed a majority.

From the very first, SHERMAN, HARRISON and ALLISON were the only candidates who had any possible show of success, aside from BLAINE. The Sherman men were claiming 350 votes, and were perfectly confident that they would reach a nomination by the third ballot. On Friday the first three ballots were taken, and the last showed a loss of five votes for Mr. SHERMAN from the second ballot, when he had 249 votes—one less than the number the Blaine men had conceded to him. A recess was taken until evening, when DEPEW withdrew, and without a ballot the convention adjourned until morning.

It was recognized on all hands that the nominee must be a man acceptable to the doubtful states—Indiana, New York, New Jersey and Connecticut. Strong efforts had been made to enlist New York in SHERMAN'S behalf, but the opposition to him was too strong in the Empire State. New York knew that New Jersey and Connecticut would practically follow her lead, and understood thoroughly her commanding position. DEPEW out of the way, a great majority of her delegates united with Indiana on HARRISON, and thus the four doubtful states were in line for one man.

This combination was strong, but not as strong as the quiet Blaine phalanx. On Saturday morning the Harrison men went into the convention declaring that they should nominate on the second ballot. The two ballots were taken, but they fell four short of a majority of the convention, and a recess followed.

The more enthusiastic of the Blaine men determined that their time of action had come. They declared the impossibility of nominating any one of the candidates formally before the convention was clear, and, after much discussion, it was determined to go in and nominate BLAINE at the afternoon session. But there was strong opposition to this, and the upshot was that an adjournment to Monday was carried without a ballot. Had a ballot been taken BLAINE would have had almost 500 votes—many more than were required to nominate.

Then came BLAINE'S cablegrams, insisting that his letter of withdrawal should be respected. That put everything at sea. The BLAINE phalanx had but one point of adhesion—loyalty to their leader. It was impossible to hold them together for any other candidate. Hence it was the logic of the situation that many delegates, after a little wavering, should fall into line for the candidates favored by New York and the doubtful states. With BLAINE definitely out of the way, it was inevitable that HARRISON should win. All doubt vanished the instant that California turned toward him, thus showing that his vote, long years ago, on the Chinese question, was by no means considered any objection to him now. It was relegated to the domain of ancient history.

Send for agents' terms for campaign subscriptions to the BLADE. We wish to put a copy in the hands of every Republican in the land.

NEAL DOW should have gone to Chicago instead of taking partisan reports concerning the conduct of Republican delegates at the national convention. He stated the other day:

The drunken scenes among the delegates at Chicago have never been equaled in the history of Republican conventions.

A statement could not be made which is further from the truth. The delegates were not drunken. They were a remarkably sober set of gentlemen. There was no drunkenness whatever in the convention, and no scenes during its deliberations that could be attributed to Rum. Bishop FOWLER, of the Methodist Episcopal church, says he never saw a public gathering with so many clear-complexioned, healthy, and apparently temperate men. The testimony of the Chicago police is that they never had an easier time with so large a crowd. There was very little drunkenness on the streets, and the comparatively few men who thus made exhibition of themselves were not delegates. There were something like 200,000 strangers in the city, brought there by low excursion rates, and all the disorder worth mentioning was among them, and Chicago's own residents.

EVERY American boy and girl should know how to make the American flag in its proper proportions. The rule in the navy is this: "The flag is thirteen stripes wide and twenty-one stripes long. The union (blue) is seven stripes square. There is one star for each state in the union." "The bandana" is an imported article, and has no regulation size.

A New York paper says that LEVI P. MORTON never was charitable for the sake of votes, but if all the suffering unfortunates who have profited by his beneficence to New York charities were assembled in a convention they would outdo the Chicago body that nominated him for Vice President.

WILL CLEVELAND and THURMAN defeat HARRISON and MORTON?

CLEVELAND is weakest among the members of his own party in the one state which is absolutely needful to his success—New York.

THE President and his party serve the interests of Europe; we will support the interest of America.—*Republican Platform.*

A "TARIFF PRIMER."

We will begin, in the issue of the Weekly BLADE for July 19, the publication of a series of articles, entitled a "TARIFF PRIMER," which will take up the subject of the tariff from the primary dennition of the word, and explain the subject so clearly and plainly that every one can understand it thoroughly.

The series will run about three months, and will cover every phase of the great question now before the American people. The absurdities and fallacies of the free trade theorists will be pointed out and explained, and the "Primer" will be, in effect, a text-book on Protection, showing clearly that the protective policy is a necessity to the prosperity, not only of our workingmen in mechanical industries, but to the farmers and all other classes of our people.

See that your neighbor subscribes for the BLADE for the campaign, and gets this "Primer" entire. Officers of Republican clubs are requested to send for sample copies, and to aid in circulating the "Tariff Primer" in the interests of the protective policy and of the Republican party.

THE TICKET.

While the first news of the nominations was not received with great enthusiasm through the country, everybody, upon second thought, became satisfied of the wisdom of the action of the convention. There is a marked tone pervading the whole press that, though individual preferences had to be given up, nothing better to secure the success of the party, and through that the prosperity of the country, could have happened, and the feeling is strong and universal that the ticket will grow in favor day by day as the weeks move on to November.

One thing showed of what sterling stuff all of the candidates before the convention were made of, and that was the entire absence of bitter feeling when the final result was obtained. The defeated were the first to offer their congratulations to the successful candidates, while their following joined without reserve in the movement that made the nomination unanimous. And these same men will be the most earnest workers in the campaign field from now until November, entering generously and heartily into every plan that shall have for its purpose the making of BENJAMIN HARRISON the President of the United States.

SENSIBLE ADVICE.

The New York *Evening Sun* has put on its thinking cap, and the result is the following set of rules of conduct to be followed during the coming heated political campaign. The rules are good, and should be worn where they can always be seen:

Don't talk politics in a loud tone of voice in public places.

Don't get red and apoplectic over the virtues of your own candidate or the failings of one on the other side.

Don't abuse your opponent when you get to discussing politics with him.

Don't fight him—particularly if he looks able to lick you.

Don't think it necessary to hold up a bar every night in your consideration of the affairs of the nation. You don't need any more rum in a Presidential year than in any other.

Don't kill the man who goes about taking votes in the cars. Pity and spare him. He may vote for your man.

Don't bet. Give your wife the money you think you can afford for wagers, and then you will be sure not to lose it.

OUR HARRISON PORTRAIT

will be ready for mailing next week. It will be the best portrait of Harrison in the market. Size 19x24, printed on fine plate paper. We do not sell these portraits. Any person remitting us 25 cents for the BLADE three months, may have one of these portraits free if they request one in connection with their subscription.

THE Indianapolis *News*, an independent paper published at HARRISON'S home, predicted that "Mr. HARRISON will grow upon the country as he has grown upon the state," and says further that if he is elected he will have "a great deal of influence with his administration." The *News* but voices the sentiments of all careful thinkers. His strength is growing every day, and will continue so to do until after the November election.

IT is said that EDISON is making use of the phonograph in his own house to preserve the crows of glee, the yells of anger, and the screams of pain that come from his baby girl. He intends to keep the record for her benefit when she becomes a young lady, in order that she may see what sort of an infant she was. The measure of her enjoyment when the grind begins may be a matter of doubt.

HERE are the official figures of the late state election in Oregon, compared with the next preceding state election, that for secretary of state in 1886:

	1886.	1888.
Republican	26,212	33,820
Democratic	25,922	25,413
Prohibition	2,773	1,974
Republican plurality	290	7,407

LORD WOLSELEY is disturbed over the extravagance of his countrywomen in dress. He says that ever since he was a boy it has been upon the increase, and the country is in danger from this cause. Evicently he does not know how to fight this trouble as well as he does foreign troops.

THE English newspapers are heaping so much praise upon the Democratic party that they may defeat their own purposes. There are people this side of the water who are none too pleasantly disposed toward England, and without any desire to secure her gratification.

DEPEW characterized the occasion of his own speech of withdrawal before the Chicago gathering as "the convention being sassed by the corpse." That is good enough to have originated in the wild and woolly West.

AT Pasadena, California, the appropriation for the postoffice has been so small, that the mail has not been properly handled for months, and in many cases letters and papers have failed entirely to reach their destination. Some more Democratic economy.

THE London *Times* some years ago remarked: "The only time that England can use an Irishman is when he emigrates to America and votes for free trade, which he invariably does." The Irishmen are not serving England that way this year.

IN Seattle, Washington Territory, the citizens have been obliged to hire an extra clerk in the postoffice and pay him $275 a month in order that their mail may reach them in reasonable time. That is Democratic economy.

THE *Westliche Post*, of St. Louis, the leading German paper of the Southwest, once edited by CARL SCHURZ, declares:

Our Levi and our Benjamin are both "O. K." and sure to win.

HAVE you remarked how many of your friends were really for HARRISON all the time—but who did not say anything about it until after the nomination?

HENDRICKS will be sorely missed by the Indiana Democrats this year. He was an expert politician, and there is no one to take his place.

No ex-Copperheads upon the Republican ticket, and no Anglomaniacs in the party.

CURRENT EVENTS.

An attempt has been made to have the historic Gallows tree on Hampstead Heath cut down.

Attorney General Garland is regaining health and expects to resume his official duties next week.

Emperor Frederick died within 30 feet of where he was born, and exactly the same hour of the day.

Mr. Leonard Huxley, eldest son of the illustrious scientist, is a teacher in the Charterhouse school, London.

A six-ton cab, carrying an electric battery strong enough to run it 40 miles, recently made a satisfactory trip through London.

Recently a disgusted Oshkosh, Wis., juryman offered to pay the sum in dispute if the claimant would dismiss the case. The offer was refused.

It is made known to the world that Mr. and Mrs. Chanler (the latter formerly Miss Amelie Rives) are likely to make their home in New York city.

Mrs. Crawford, the respondent in the recent malodorous divorce suit, has joined the Methodist church in London and is devoting herself largely to charitable

HARRISON'S CHINESE RECORD.

Already the BLADE is receiving letters from subscribers in various sections concerning the Democratic lie that HARRISON is in favor of Chinese immigration. Here is a sample query from Stafford, Kansas:

Please tell us the position of Senator Harrison, when in the Senate, on the Chinese question. The Democrats here claim his position on that question will give them California.

Your Democratic friends make a claim that is baseless. California will cast her electoral vote for HARRISON and MORTON. The "Chinese question" is almost a thing of the past, at any rate. The exclusion of the Mongol race is distinctly a part of the policy of this nation, irrespective of party, secured not only by law but by treaty stipulations. It is almost settled, and it is entirely due to Republican action in Congress that the settlement is one that will be effective and permanent.

During the second session of the Forty-ninth Congress, which began in December, 1886, a number of bills were introduced in both Houses to amend the Chinese restriction act to counteract the interpretation of the courts. The Foreign Relations committee of the Senate, of which JOHN SHERMAN was chairman and BENJAMIN HARRISON was a member, prepared a bill, with the advice and assistance of Congressman MORROW and other Pacific coast representatives. It was reported to the Senate with the full concurrence of Mr. HARRISON, and was passed without dissent.

The bill was killed by the Democratic administration. PERRY BELMONT, the Democratic chairman of the House committee on Foreign Affairs, after consultation with Secretary BAYARD, hinted that the administration was preparing a treaty, and that it would be unbecoming to pass such a bill under the circumstances. This was denounced at the time as a transparent trick, and so it proved. Mr. BELMONT, at the administration's dictation, put the Senate bill into his pocket, and nothing more was heard of the promised treaty. So much for the comparative record of Senator HARRISON and the Cleveland administration on the Chinese question.

Secretary BAYARD tried to work the same trick when the Chinese bills were introduced at the present session of Congress. The public was not to be caught with chaff a second time. There was an outburst of indignation that forced the administration to show its hand. It hastily prepared a treaty that should have been called "an agreement for encouraging the immigration of Chinese." It did not close the door to the prior resident and certificate frauds, and it opened new avenues of entrance.

The Republican Senate quietly blocked the administration game. It made the treaty mean something by declaring that the holders of the present certificates and the prior residence men should be excluded. That treaty was ratified by the Republican Senate and forwarded to the Chinese government for approval. When it is ratified by that government the Chinese question will be settled. So far as this question is an element in the campaign, it is plain to any one that HARRISON, who aided in framing an exclusion bill, is a safer man to be intrusted with Pacific coast interests than CLEVELAND, who killed the bill.

Senator STEWART, of Nevada, who certainly understands thoroughly the feeling of the people of the Pacific coast on this question, points out that in the early days of Chinese immigration there was no objection to the Mongols, and that the Democratic party of California for many years was in favor of importing Chinese laborers by appropriations made by the state! When they began to pour in by the thousands, and drive out American labor, public sentiment began to change, and the opposition, starting in California, has spread all over the country. Senator STEWART says of General HARRISON:

> The people of California are in earnest with regard to the exclusion of Chinese, and all they ask of the people of the East is that they co-operate with them in keeping all Chinese labor out of the country. Senator HARRISON gave his concurrence in such a bill while he was still a member of the Senate, and to-day he is as firm in his views on the question as the most radical anti-Chinese person in California. All that can be done by anybody is to demand and secure absolute exclusion of all Chinese. Senator Harrison, by his action in co-operation with other senators in passing the Fair-Morrow bill in June, 1886, has denned his position in a manner entirely satisfactory to the people of the Pacific coast.

The Democratic effort to injure HARRISON on this question are fruitless. The truth is given above and is a matter of record. The *Congressional Record* for the second session of the Forty ninth Congress contains the whole matter. It is official, and cannot be controverted.

Mr. HARRISON'S own record on this question of Chinese immigration represents the gradual process that the people of California themselves went through in their views on this question. In 1882 he knew little or nothing of the Chinese subject, but even then he was disposed to let California have her way in the matter. His only objection to the first restriction act was that he believed it in conflict with the treaty, as it undoubtedly was. In 1884 he had progressed in knowledge of the subject. The present restriction act, which would have settled the whole business if the courts had let it alone, was passed without objection from him. In 1886 he had become so convinced of the evils of Chinese immigration that he took an active part as a member of the Foreign Relations committee, in preparing a stringent measure of exclusion that would have taken the matter out of the hands of the court. It was this bill that passed the Republican Senate and was smothered through the influence of President CLEVELAND and Secretary BAYARD by the Democratic chairman of the House committee. He is to be judged by his later acts and opinions, not by those of years before, when the question had not become important. That is all there is of the matter.

THE past week has been a period of but little spirit and cheerfulness in the market places, but of luxuriant cheer and promise on the farms. Business has dragged and dozed, while vegetation has been making hay while the sun shone, and the generous rains fell, and that in every section of the country east of the Rocky mountains. There has been in many sections an excess of rain, and the winter wheat harvest has been somewhat impeded, but so far as reported no real damage has been sustained by the growing crops, except oats in a considerable extent of southern Illinois. Spring wheat, oats, corn, grass and cotton have been flourishing apace.

SINCE May 8, 1886, CLEVELAND has vetoed 336 special acts of Congress granting pensions to Union veterans, whose cases do not come under the provisions of the general pension laws. Many of these vetoes were couched in derisive and brutal language, unworthy the President of the United States, and utterly uncalled for by anything in the circumstances surrounding the application for pension.

In 1884 the New York *Independent* was a strong supporter of CLEVELAND. Now it says:

> His pledges were magnificent; his performance disgraceful.
>
> His scheme of civil service was fine; its fulfillment a farce.
>
> He set out to lift the Democratic party; he ends it by letting down the government.
>
> He began as a conspicuous reformer; he is ending as a conspicuous failure.

IN Western Pennsylvania, within five days after the nomination of HARRISON, three prominent Democrats left their party to join the Republican, and the Pittsburg *Leader*, which bolted BLAINE in 1884, and has been on the fence ever since, has come out strongly for HARRISON.

THE NEW EMPEROR'S SPEECH.

The Emperor of Germany made his opening speech in the Reichstag Monday, and somewhat to the surprise of everybody he gave his voice for peace. The occasion was made memorable by all of the pomp and ceremony that could be called to attend such an occasion, and the address was listened to with all the deep interest that was sure to be felt, when the representatives of the German nation listened for the first time to a new monarch, one who held in his hand the weal or woe of a great country.

The Emperor's speech was straightforward in its meaning and manly in its utterances. Apparently there is no cause to fear for the future. He began by referring to the sorrow which had come upon himself and his people by the death of his father, and then declared his intention of following the policy of his grandfather by which the latter secured the confidence of his allies, the love of the German people and good will abroad.

He referred to the important duty of defending and guarding the imperial constitution in all the rights which it guarantees to the two legislative bodies of the nation and to every German. The working people shall be afforded that protection which in accordance with Christian morality is needed by the weak and oppressed in their struggle for existence. It is, however, his fixed purpose to sternly "oppose all efforts the aim and tendency of which shall be to undermine public order." This evidently is a warning to socialists.

He spoke upon the strength of the army and declared that to employ it in offensive wars was far from his heart. It will simply be used to assure the nation's peace, for "Germany needs neither new military renown nor any conquest, since she finally won for herself by fighting the right to exist as a united and independent nation."

Congratulating the country upon its cordial relations with Italy, Austria and Russia, he pledged himself to maintain peace by all honorable effort—preserving what his two predecessors had won by fighting.

The speech seems honest, fair and upright; and if carried out in spirit, the present condition of Europe will not be disturbed by the change in monarchs.

TARIFF REFORM FALLACY.

The supporters of free trade do not always like to acknowledge the colors which they are flying. They hide behind "tariff reduction" or "tariff revenue," "surplus reduction," and things of that sort, which they claim does not mean free trade, but only what will make duties less and foreign productions cheaper, so that the laboring man's condition will be improved. They also claim that they would not break down protection, but simply procure a reform in the tariff laws. This is following in the footsteps of President CLEVELAND who disguised his free trade message after that fashion. He declared that Congress had to deal with a condition, not a theory; and that it must reduce the revenue in order to prevent commercial disaster, and the only way was by reducing protection duties.

One of the fallacies of his position, and that of those who argue with him, is thus shown by the New York *Tribune:*

> The second disguise of free trade is "tariff reduction" or "tariff reform," or "freer trade—not free trade." Here the false pretense is that existing duties are far too high and can be reasonably reduced without at at all impairing reasonable protection of home industry. The pretended tariff reformer in Congress solemnly avers that the excessive duty on steel rails makes domestic rails too high, though he knows perfectly well that large quantities are actually imported under the present duty, and yet that the present price compels a large number of the rail mills in this country to stop work. He knows that a lower duty would only close more of the home manufactories, and admit instead of a great proportion of foreign rails, and he is guilty of deliberate falsification when he pretends that the reduction would not impair the protection of home industry. He knows that the duty on tin plates is excessive, but it is simply ineffective because too low, and that in this case a higher duty would cut off a large revenue that is not needed, and at the same time encourage an industry which would be worth millions to this country.
>
> But behind the conscious fraud there is a great deal of unconscious blending of free-trade theories which honest opposition to supposed excess of duties. Many a man really thinks, as Mr. Cleveland argues in his message, that the lower duty would benefit home industry by giving it cheaper raw materials and a larger market for products. This he is governed by the theory of reform from free trade, though he may not know it. Ignorance is his excuse, but it does not change the fact that his reasoning and his practical measure are those of free trade, and can be defended on no other ground. In his stupidity, he calls the people liars who tell him what his proposal actually means. They have the sense to know, and he has not.

BUSINESS INTEGRITY.

LEVI P. MORTON, the Republican nominee for the Vice Presidency, was in 1855 a member of the dry goods firm of MORTON & GRINNELL. In that year the house failed, settling with its creditors on the basis of 50 cents on the dollar. Mr. MORTON went into the banking business, and in 1863 he invited all his old-time creditors to a dinner. Each man found, under his plate, a certified check for the remainder of his debt, with interest from the date of the failure. There was no legal obligation resting upon Mr. MORTON, but there was a moral one which he, as an honest and upright man, did not feel at liberty to ignore. There have been other cases of this sort, but they are rare enough to render MORTON'S scrupulous honesty worthy the commendation of his fellow citizens.

THE Democrats are attempting to put the falsehood that HARRISON is in favor of admitting Chinese to this country, while they are at the same time advocating the reduction of duties so that Chinese goods may be brought here, thus compelling the American workingmen to compete with Chinese labor.

AT Scranton, Pa., at a rousing Republican ratification meeting, the following was the inscription on one of the banners:

> About the red bandanas
> You make an awful fuss;
> Put up your wipes!
> The Stars and Stripes
> Are good enough for us!

GEN. LEW WALLACE is to write a campaign life of HARRISON. The brilliant author of "Ben-Hur" is an old-time friend of Gen. HARRISON, and his work will be worth reading for its literary merit—a somewhat uncommon thing with a campaign biography.

THE bandana is announced by a leading Democrat as the party emblem during the coming campaign. The bandana is full of immense possibilities there is no doubt. It will sweep the unwashed into a very tempest of enthusiasm. By all means use the bandana.

THE Indianapolis *News*, an independent sheet with free trade leanings, frankly says:

> Gen. Harrison personally is unassailable, and the sooner the Democrats cease to break their teeth on that file the better for them.

PROTECTION wins every time. The result in the Tenth Ohio Congressional district at the last two elections will be the result in the nation at large next November.

COL. DUDLEY, ex-commissioner of pensions, will be General HARRISON'S chosen representative on the National Republican Executive committee.

NO ISSUE but that between the parties, the Prohibitionists have cried hitherto. Had they not better change the tune now?

GOV. ALGER made a gallant fight, but he expresses himself as ready now to work with his whole soul for HARRISON.

THE result next November will probably read thus: 248 to 153—the Solid North against the Solid South.

WE are uncompromisingly in favor of the American system of protection.—*Republican Platform.*

AS HARRISON MARCHES ON.

D. LACE, CHICAGO.

[Tune, "When Johnny Comes Marching Home."]

Come all and sing the jubilee,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
Harrison is our nominee,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
With Morton for the second place,
No Democrat can win the race,
And we'll all feel gay
As Harrison marches on.
(Repeat last two lines.)

He is our man to make the fight,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
Because the people know he's right,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
With the Stars and Stripes and Ben to lead,
To the White House he will go with speed,
And we'll all feel gay
As Harrison marches on.
(Repeat last two lines.)

He's sound upon the tariff plan,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
He's the friend of every workingman,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
The business men all know he's great
From Maine into the Golden Gate;
And we'll all feel gay
As Harrison marches on.
(Repeat last two lines.)

Then wave our starry banner high,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
For Harrison, Morton, is the cry,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
How the men will cheer and the boys will shout
When the Democrats are all turned out,
And we'll all feel gay
As Harrison marches on.
(Repeat last two lines.)

Chicago is the place to come,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
To nominate and have your fun,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
And when you choose another man,
Come out, we'll help you all we can,
And we'll all feel gay
As Harrison marches on.
(Repeat last two lines.)

HARRISON AND CLEVELAND.

A Comparison of the Careers of the Two Candidates.

HARRISON'S CAREER.	CLEVELAND'S CAREER.
1861. Lawyer.	Lawyer of small practice. Remained at home, spending his time loafing and playing ward politician and drinking rum all through the war—Hired a substitute.
1862. Entered the army, served to close of war, being promoted step by step from Second Lieutenant to Brigadier General.	1870. Elected Sheriff, an office he sought, as he had no law practice.
1865. Elected Supreme Court Reporter while in the service in 1864, served from 1865 to 1868, and declined a re-election.	1880. Elected Mayor of Buffalo.
1876. Was Republican candidate for Governor and defeated.	1882. Elected Governor of New York.
1880. Elected to the United States Senate.	1884. Nominated and elected President.
1887. Defeated for a second term by outrageous Democratic frauds.	
1888. Nominated for President.	1888. Re-nominated for President.

PROTECTION IN INDIANA.

Natural Gas and Many Factories Will Make it Republican.

Pittsburg Dispatch.

"Natural gas would have carried Indiana for the Republicans, if they had not nominated Harrison," said Mr. Charles O. Smith, a member of the firm of Abel, Smith & Co., yesterday, to a *Dispatch* reporter.

"How is that?" asked the reporter.

"Well, you see, there are some 10 or 12 Democratic towns in Indiana that have lately got natural gas. The citizens are very anxious to develop their towns, and are bidding for glass and other manufactories; hence are for protection. Already enough protectionists have gone into the state to nearly, if not quite, carry it for protection. The acquisition of manufactories in these different towns brings a great influx of workmen and capitalists into the state, who are pronounced protectionists, and as Indiana is rather a close state, any way, you will readily see what such a class of voters, together with the change of sentiment upon the part of those who desire the growth and prosperity of their towns, is likely to effect at the coming election."

What Ails the Ohio Wool Market?

Marion Independent.

Does any Democrat suppose that any wool buyer will fill up his warehouse with protected wool when free trade wool may soon be in the market? Wool buyers are not so silly. Wool now worth 30 cents in Philadelphia would only be worth 18 cents with the duty off. That is what Cleveland's free trade message with the Mills bill in view and indorsed by the Democrats have done for the wool growers. Free wool, no sheep; no sheep, no wool; no wool, no sell, no money to pay June taxes; that is what is the matter with the people just now.

A Geographical Ticket.

Chicago Inter-Ocean.

A prominent Eastern Democrat says: "The geographical significance is in the fact that Harrison comes from the state necessary to the Republicans to carry, and Morton from the state which the Democrats cannot afford to lose. The combination of Indiana and New York is a wise one for the Republicans; it is a threatening one for the Democrats." Democrats along the entire line are not shaking their sides with laughter over the nominations.

An Exemplary Citizen.

Indiana Christian Advocate.

The nomination of Gen. Harrison at Chicago ought to be gratifying to all good men, whether they agree with him politically or not. Few men in public or private life are more exemplary in their moral character and daily walk. With such political views we have nothing to do in these columns, but we command his life as worthy the imitation of all young men.

A Good Enough Family Tree.

Mt. Vernon Republican.

The Harrison family tree took root in the Declaration of Independence. Its sturdy trunk supported the honor of the flag in 1812-15, and its branches were emblazoned with the halo of loyalty in the struggle for the preservation of the union. What American will seek farther for honorable lineage?

Thurman as Monopoly's Agent.

Dayton Journal.

It is said that Judge Thurman has accumulated over half a million dollars as railroad, telegraph, pan electric attorney, etc. We suppose this to be an altogether legitimate business for a Democratic lawyer, but it is immitigably sinful in a Republican lawyer to take such business.

Not Their Style of Candidate.

Bellaire Tribune.

The nominations meet with general approval from Republicans. The only dissatisfied persons are the worshippers of King Grover the Fat. They do not like Harrison because he was a Union soldier. The Democratic party has no use for a Union soldier.

The Garment Seems to Fit.

Springfield Republic.

The Democrats are mad because Foraker said that the next president would be a gentleman. They jump to the conclusion that the prediction shuts out Cleveland. They ought to know.

A Home Argument.

Newark American.

Free trade in wool means a harvest for the Licking county sheriff, and ruin to the farmers and all others in debt for their farms and homes.

Cleveland Weighs £300.

New York Press.

The extraordinary influence of the English over Mr. Cleveland is shown by the President's reported message to a friend that he is in good health and weighs £300.

A Songful Suggestion.

Zanesville Times-Recorder.

Make it a singing campaign. Songs make votes where arguments fail. Organize Republican glee clubs.

The Mills Bill to The Flockmasters.

Eaton Register.

The farmer's wool is made duty free, but his sheep bell and sheep shears must pay forty-five per cent duty.

—Frederiksen & Co., of Chicago, have recently bought a large body of the finest farming land in Southeastern Nebraska, near the city of Cedar Rapids, Boone county. It consists of rolling prairie stretching along Cedar River and Timber Creek, and as the railway system is perfectly developed in that part of the state, those lands present quite extraordinary opportunities for land seekers.

HARRISON'S ANCESTRY.

The General Says That Is Something He Cares Nothing About.

The parlors of Gen. Harrison's house are tastefully but not ornately furnished. Handsome Hungarian vases adorn the mantlepieces. On the wall at the back part of the parlor hangs an oil portrait of President William Henry Harrison, the hero of the battle of Tippecanoe. On the wall of the library is a portrait of Benjamin Harrison, who was Governor of Virginia in the colonial period. This Governor Harrison was the great-grandfather of the present Benjamin Harrison. The library also contains a fac-simile of the warrant for the execution of King Charles I of England. A General Harrison who took part in the execution was afterward beheaded. Some of the Harrisons of Virginia claim descent from this executed Roundhead General. The present Benjamin Harrison, however, is not much interested in the questions of genealogy. He said to the *Tribune* correspondent to-day:

"I have never made any investigation as to my ancestry. I don't think it can be shown that I am descended from the Harrisons of King Charles the First's day. At least I have no knowledge that I am. I received a letter from a gentleman of Virginia to-day that he was of the opinion from a genealogical table that I was descended from a Cavalier family that came over to Virginia from England, and not from the Roundhead General. I suppose that would better please the Virginians, but I care nothing about these questions of ancestry. They will not be considered in the approaching canvass. I received nothing from my ancestors but an education, and that was sufficient.—*New York Tribune.*

A Short Talk With Workingmen.

New York Sun.

Free trade means putting all the laboring men of the world upon one level of competition.

Protection means restricting the competition among laborers to those living in our own country, and the consequence of such restriction is that wages remain at a high level; whereas, if the competition of all the laborers in the world were allowed to operate here, they would steadily fall to the lowest level.

That is the reason why the workingmen of this country are better paid, are more prosperous, live in a better manner, are better educated, and bring up their children with more of hope and ambition than belongs to workingmen in any other country.

This is why the workingmen of the United States like the American system of protection, and dislike the British system of free trade.

TIPPECANOE AND MORTON, TOO.

Paraphrase of the Campaign Song, "Tippecanoe and Tyler, too," Sung in the Contest of 1840.

Oh, what has caused this great commotion,
Motion, motion, the country through?
It is the ball
A-rolling on
For Tippecanoe and Morton, too,
For Tippecanoe and Morton, too;
And with them we'll beat Mr. Cleve,
Cleve, Cleve must take his leave,
And with them we'll beat Mr. Cleve.

The ladies, too, God bless their souls,
Souls, souls, souls, the country through,
Will to a man
Do all they can
For Tippecanoe and Morton, too,
For Tippecanoe and Morton, too.
And with them we'll beat Mr. Cleve,
Cleve, Cleve must take his leave,
And with them we'll beat Mr. Cleve.

The honest tollers in our mills,
Mills, mills, mills the country through,
Will join their hands
In iron bands
For Tippecanoe and Morton, too,
For Tippecanoe and Morton, too,
And with them we'll beat Mr. Cleve,
Cleve, Cleve, must take his leave,
And with them we'll beat Mr. Cleve.

The men who farm and raise the flocks,
Flocks, flocks, the country through,
Will leave their wool
To take a pull
For Tippecanoe and Morton, too,
For Tippecanoe and Morton, too,
And with them we'll beat Mr. Cleve,
Cleve, Cleve must take his leave,
And with them we'll beat Mr. Cleve.

The gallant boys who wore the blue,
Blue, blue, and to our flag were true,
Will all turn out
With cheer and shout,
For Tippecanoe and Morton, too,
For Tippecanoe and Morton, too,
And with them we'll wallup old Cleve,
Cleve, Cleve, must take his leave,
And with them we'll wallup old Cleve.

The Bourbons, rebels and mugwumps,
Wumps, rumps, stumps and all their crew,
Will run and hide
To escape the tide
For Tippecanoe and Morton, too,
For Tippecanoe and Morton, too,
And with them we'll beat Mr. Cleve,
Cleve, Cleve, must take his leave,
And with them we'll beat Mr. Cleve.

A Fight on Living, Not on Dead, Issues.

Bellaire Tribune.

The pauper labor party that is now trying to turn the markets of the country over to the cheap John labor of all the world, by its free wool, free lumber, free salt, free iron ore and free coal, with next to free products of all kinds, will not be allowed to evade the issue they have raised by their cowardly attempts to inject the Chinese question, which has been amicably and fairly settled to the satisfaction of all interests, in a constitutional manner. That question is as much a dead issue as the question of who were the rebels that fought against the Union. But the question of protection or no protection, or of the right of every citizen to vote and have his vote counted, are live issues that the cowardly Democracy seeks to evade.

The Republican Emblem.

Philadelphia Press.

"Old Glory" appears in a large crop each Presidential campaign. The navy rule as to its size—and as it is well to be accurate in these things—is: "The flag is thirteen stripes wide and 21 stripes long. The union is seven stripes square. Each state has a star in the Union."

AFRAID OF HOOSIER BEN.

WHITE HOUSE BALLAD.

Ben Harrison my boy, Ben,
I'm jest afraid o' you;
They tell me if you're in a fight
You stay till it is through.

I hear you listed in the war,
And traveled to the sea
With old Tecumsy—if that is so,
They aint much show for me.

They tell me that the Hoosier men
To git there have a way,
And carries ingenuity suree—
Ef that is so—good day!

Ben Harrison, my boy, Ben,
I'm just afraid of you;
You're in this to a finish—so
I'm feelin' rather blue.

Part of His Creed.

Xenia Gazette.

Gen. Harrison, being a Presbyterian, of course believes in the doctrine of the elect.

High-Pressure

Living characterizes these modern days. The result is a fearful increase of **Brain and Heart Diseases — General Debility, Insomnia, Paralysis, and Insanity.** Chloral and Morphia augment the evil. The medicine best adapted to do permanent good is Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It purifies, enriches, and vitalizes the blood, and thus strengthens every function and faculty of the body.

"I have used Ayer's Sarsaparilla, in my family, for years. I have found it invaluable as

A Cure

for Nervous Debility caused by an inactive liver and a low state of the blood."—Henry Bacon, Xenia, Ohio.

"For some time I have been troubled with heart disease. I never found anything to help me until I began using Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I have only used this medicine six months, but it has relieved me from my trouble, and enabled me to resume work."—J. P. Carzanett, Perry, Ill.

"I have been a practicing physician for over half a century, and during that time I have never found so powerful and reliable an alterative and blood purifier as Ayer's Sarsaparilla."—Dr. M. Maxstart, Louisville, Ky.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Price $1; six bottles, $5. Worth $5 a bottle

UNPRECEDENTED ATTRACTION!

Over a Million Distributed.

CAPITAL PRIZE, $300,000

L.S.L.

Louisiana State Lottery Company

Incorporated by the Legislature in 1868, for Educational and Charitable purposes, and its franchise made a part of the present State Constitution, in 1879, by an overwhelming popular vote.

Its GRAND EXTRAORDINARY DRAWINGS take place Semi-Annually (June and December, and its GRAND SINGLE NUMBER DRAWINGS take place on each of the other ten months in the year, and are all drawn in public at the Academy of Music, New Orleans, La.

"We do hereby certify that we supervise the arrangements for all the Monthly and Quarterly Drawings of The Louisiana State Lottery Company, and in person manage and control the Drawings themselves, and that the same are conducted with honesty, fairness, and in good faith toward all parties, and we authorize the Company to use this certificate, with fac-similes of our signatures attached in its advertisements."

G. T. Beauregard
J. A. Early

Commissioners.

We, the undersigned Banks and Bankers, will pay all Prizes drawn in the Louisiana State Lotteries which may be presented at our counters.

R. M. WALMSLEY, Pres. Louisiana Nat'l Bank.
PIERRE LANAUX, Pres. State Nat'l Bank.
A. BALDWIN, Pres. New Orleans Nat'l Bank.
CARL KOHN, Pres. Union National Bank.

GRAND MONTHLY DRAWING

In the Academy of Music, New Orleans, Tuesday, July 10, 1888.

CAPITAL PRIZE, $300,000.

100,000 Tickets at Twenty Dollars each. Halves, $10; Quarters, $5; Tenths, $2; Twentieths, $1.

LIST OF PRIZES.

1 PRIZE OF	$100,000 is	$ 100,000
1 PRIZE OF	50,000 is	50,000
1 PRIZE OF	25,000 is	25,000
2 PRIZES OF	10,000 are	20,000
5 PRIZES OF	5,000 are	25,000
25 PRIZES OF	1,000 are	25,000
100 PRIZES OF	500 are	50,000
200 PRIZES OF	300 are	60,000
500 PRIZES OF	200 are	100,000
APPROXIMATION PRIZES.		
100 Prizes of $500 are		50,000
100 Prizes of $300 are		30,000
100 Prizes of $200 are		20,000
TERMINAL PRIZES.		
999 do.	100 are	99,900
999 do.	100 are	99,900
3,154 Prizes amounting to		$1,054,800

Note—Tickets drawing Capital Prizes are not entitled to Terminal Prizes.

☞ FOR CLUB RATES, or any further information desired, write legibly to the undersigned, clearly stating your residence, with State, County, Street and Number. More rapid return mail delivery will be assured by your enclosing an Envelope bearing your full address.

Send POSTAL NOTES, Express Money Orders, or New York Exchange in ordinary letter. Currency by Express at our expense addressed

M. A. DAUPHIN,
New Orleans, La.
or M. A. DAUPHIN,
Washington, D. C.

Address Registered Letters to
NEW ORLEANS NATIONAL BANK,
New Orleans, La.

REMEMBER That the presence of Generals G. T. Beauregard and Early, who are the chief managers of the drawings, is a guarantee of absolute fairness and integrity, that the chances are all equal, and that no one can possibly divine what number will draw a Prize.

REMEMBER, also, that the payment of Prizes is GUARANTEED BY FOUR NATIONAL BANKS of New Orleans, and the Tickets are signed by the President of an Institution, whose chartered rights are recognized in the highest Courts; therefore, beware of any imitations or anonymous schemes.

A MYSTERIOUS THUNDERBOLT.

New York the Scene of a Surprising Phenomenon.

NEW YORK, June 28.—A flying ball of fire struck the ground, exploded, and scattered sparks and stones for twenty feet in every direction in East 25th street, between 2d and 3d avenues, yesterday.

Workmen engaged on the new building, 219, were paralyzed with fear and would not return to work for some hours. Dwellers in the neighborhood rushed with bleached faces to windows and doors, and pedestrians who were blinded by the flash of the meteor and stunned by the explosion, fled to sheltering doorways, or fell terror-stricken where they stood. No lives were lost.

The skies had rapidly cleared after the first severe thunder shower, and about 1:05 p. m. the sun appeared. Almost simultaneously a dazzlingly brilliant sphere about two feet in diameter and emitting countless white sparks, was seen in the air descending rapidly. In its train was a streak of livid fire like the tail of a comet. The flying ball came in a southwesterly direction, and was first noticed at about the height of the house-tops. It struck in a heap of gravel, brick, planks, and other building material in the gutter facing 219, and a sharp report like that of a thousand pistol shots followed. There was a strong smell like that accompanying lightning strokes, and several persons near received severe electric shocks. Big sparks flew out, and the gravel and bricks were scattered.

The first of the astounded witnesses of the phenomenon to recover his wits was Engineer Barrett of engine company 16, who had been standing in the doorway of the engine house a few feet away. He ran to the spot where the fire ball had struck and found a two-inch plank, burned and twisted, with a hole as clean as if made with an auger, bored completely through it. A half brick was afterward picked up which had been bored in the same way as the plank, and probably received the first stroke. Mrs. Gorman, Mrs. Riley and two other women, who were at the dinner table in the basement of 221, saw the ball descending, and aver that after it struck they saw it rebound past their window and up into the air again. Little 4-year-old Edwin Gorman, who was leaning from the window, was frightened almost to death, and ran under the table where he remained sobbing and crying for many minutes after.

John Stimpson, a plumber, at work a few doors up the street, dropped his wrench and ran around the corner into Third avenue. John Marsh, a stone-mason, saw the blinding flash of the fire ball and simultaneously his mallet and chisel fell to the ground. His arms tingled as if from an electric shock for hours.

The noise of the explosion was heard as far as East Twenty-Ninth street and Fourth avenue. Five minutes later West Twenty-Fifth street was filled with a crowd of people that came running from all directions and were astonished that no greater damage had been done by the bolt. Mrs. Gorman, who was badly frightened by the shock, was given the half-brick that shows a cleanly bored hole an inch and a half in diameter, and this and the burned plank were shown to hundreds of people during the afternoon.

Is Dana Imitating Nasby?

The contortionist Dana is furnishing very good pointers for Republicans, "straight tips," as it were. Before the St. Louis convention he said: "It will be impossible to nominate Cleveland on any other than a free trade platform." After the convention: "Cleveland the Dictator." "The one man power." "Thurman's danger signal." They are all dangerous to America and to all American industries. Dana may be trying to imitate Nasby. OBSERVER.
Bethel, Conn., June 18.

Harrison in '88.

Buffalo Commercial-Advertiser.

Number of letters in Benjamin	8
Number of letters in Harrison	8
Number of "H" in alphabet	8
Number of ballots required to nomin	888
Year of Ben Harrison's election	'88

What to Expect.

Chicago Mail.

Benner, the prophet, writes that the Republican party will triumph at the polls this year. He also predicts three years of unexampled commercial prosperity and a crash in 1891. The performance promises to start out well.

And Stop Sneezing.

Nebraska State Journal.

Could I but stand where Thurman stands,
And view the landscape o'er,
I'd fold my red bandana up,
And flourish it no more.

A $2 Washing Machine Free.

To introduce them we will give away 1,000 of our celebrated self-operating washing machines. No wash-board or rubbing required. If you want one send your name at once to the MONARCH LAUNDRY WORKS, 420 Wabash Ave, Chicago, Ill.

CAMPAIGN SUPPLIES!! Badges, Banners, Flags, Uniforms, Everything. Get our price before you buy. Catalogue free. THE DOMESTIC M'F'G CO., Wallingford, Ct.

Dr. LeFEUS' FRENCH MOUSTACHE VIGOR Grows a beard on the smoothest face in 28 days or money refunded. Never fails. Sent on receipt of 50c in stamps or silver; 3 packages for $1. Beware of cheap imitations. Send for circular. Address, DR. LEFEUS, box 91, Warsaw, Ind. U.S.A.

CAMPAIGN BADGES Scioto Novelty Co., Sole Agents. Prospect, Ohio.

CLEVELAND Badge, silk, woven in colors; sample, 25c. Also Campaign Cards, 10c. Agents wanted. Day & Co., Nos. 18 and 20, Liberty St., New York.

A GOLD WATCH FREE!

AMERICAN FARM NEWS,

LEADS THE EARTH,
AND THE CHEAPEST PAPER IN THE WORLD.

ONLY 25 CENTS PER YEAR.

AMERICAN FARM NEWS, AKRON, O., SOLON L. GOODE, Man'g'r.

GOLD WATCH FREE

To every one who sends us 100 yearly subscribers at 25 c. each. The watch is Dueber hunting Case, Elgin movement, stem wind, and guaranteed. It cannot be bought for $25 at retail. This is the greatest offer ever made by any publisher. We want 20,000 subscribers this year and we are willing to pay for them. We don't expect to make any money by this rare offer. Our sole object is to obtain a bonafide regular list of 20,000 subscribers. The price of the AMERICAN FARM NEWS will be advanced as soon as we can secure our list of 20,000 actual subscribers. Nobody will refuse to subscribe at 25 cents per year. All an agent has to do is to show this paper and ask for a quarter. He will get it every time.

Any one who should attempt to secure one hundred subscribers and extra, will certainly receive a liberal per cent. of all subscriptions taken by him. In sending for the watch state whether a gents' or ladies' watch is wanted. In any case if dissatisfied with the bargain can return the watch at our expense and receive a cash premium. If you want an extra copy of this paper to work for a year and do not care to work for the watch, send two regular yearly subscribers and you will receive your own paper free. Address as above.

Nasby's Books.

We have been deluged with letters inquiring for Mr. D. R. Locke's books, and have been compelled, in consequence, to make arrangements as rapidly as possible to supply the demand. Below is given a list of all the published books written by Mr. Locke. We own the plates of a portion of these, and new editions are being printed as rapidly as possible. We have made arrangements with the publishers of the others, by which special editions are being prepared for us. The list comprises the following:

"NASBY IN EXILE."

The travels of D. R. Locke in Europe, one of the most entertaining books of travel ever written. Profusely illustrated; 700 pages. Original price, $3.50. Present price, postpaid by mail, $1.25, or with BLADE one year, $2.10.

"STRUGGLES OF PETROLEUM V. NASBY."

This is a very fine volume of about 700 pages, with full-page illustrations by the famed artis", Thomas Nast. It contains the very best of the "Nasby" letters which were written during the war, and is prefaced by an autobiography of "Petroleum V. Nasby," written specially for the book. Its former retail price was $3, but we will send it by mail, postpaid, for $1.50. Or, we will send one copy, postpaid, and a copy of the Weekly BLADE for one year on receipt of $2.00.

"HANNAH JANE."

This tender and true poem, one of the very finest in the English language, is here produced in an edition de luxe, square 8vo., on fine, heavy, tinted paper, profusely illustrated with full-page wood-cuts of the highest grade, bound in extra cloth and gilt. We will send one copy by mail, postpaid, for $1.50; or, we will send a postpaid copy and the Weekly BLADE one year on receipt of $1.75.

The following books we are having issued with paper covers, so that they can be afforded at a cheap price and have a wide circulation:

"SWINGIN' ROUND THE CIRKLE."

This embraces the celebrated series of "Nasby" letters published during President Johnson's tour through the country just after the war, and comprises some of the best of the "Nasby" letters ever written. We will send this book, postpaid by mail, for 50 cents; or this book and a copy of the Weekly BLADE for one year for $1.25.

"EKKOES FROM KENTUCKY."

This book embraces another series of the "Nasby" letters, written during the early period of the war, and contains some of the strongest letters Mr. Locke ever wrote. We will send this book, postpaid by mail, for 50 cents, or this book and a copy of the Weekly BLADE for one year for $1.25.

"ABOU BEN ADHEM."

This book is not made up of "Nasby" letters, but contains a series of articles by Mr. Locke in another style of humor. A better book than Æsop's Fables; one of the very best books ever written by Mr. Locke. We will send one of these books, postpaid by mail, on receipt of 50 cents; or one copy and the Weekly BLADE for one year for $1.25.

"A PAPER CITY."

This is a novel by D. R. Locke, founded on the abnormal growth of Western towns under the influence of a "boom." Mr. Locke, in this novel, describes the methods employed by boomers of Western cities, by platting a town in the middle of a prairie, on paper, and selling lots by various methods. A very timely book. We will send one copy, postpaid by mail, on receipt of 50 cents; or one copy and the Weekly BLADE for one year for $1.25.

Our readers will notice that we have made a very low price on these books in connection with the Weekly BLADE, for the reason that we desire each sale to bring us a new subscriber. If you are already a subscriber and want one of these books, obtain a new subscriber, and thus obtain the book for almost nothing.

The following are other books of our publication, which we are prepared to furnish, postpaid by mail, at prices announced:

ANDERSONVILLE:

A Story of Southern Prisons.

This book by John McElroy, who was eighteen months in Andersonville and other Southern prisons, has had a sale enjoyed by but very few. It is a record of the author's terrible experience in those hells upon earth, and is written in a style that is absolutely

The Household.

MISS EMILY S. BOUTON . . . . EDITOR

HOME TALKS.

"A MOB OF THE MIND."

EMILY S. BOUTON.

Do you realize how many times in the course of a week, the mind is taken possession of by what may be well termed a mob of wants, or fears, or hopes, or aspirations, all clamoring for a hearing, and all demanding attention without delay? They do not come modestly, one willing to wait until his neighbor has been disposed of, but each desires to be first, and presents the most imperative reasons for preceding all the rest. A free fight goes on among themselves in your mind, while their ultimate aim remains the same, that of reducing you to complete subjection until they are satisfied.

Possibly you do not recognize this as a picture of things in your own mind, but imagine that it may be true of your neighbor, and yet I defy any one of you who have entered upon your life work to deny that there are times when the veriest confusion reigns in your thoughts, because you cannot decide which of the multiplicity of the things that you either must do, or desire to do, shall be looked after first. That is what constitutes a mob, and that which howled through the streets of Paris during the French Revolution was no fiercer than this one which sometimes tramps through the chambers of your brain, bringing confusion and dismay to your spirit.

It matters very little what is your work, whether it is in the home or outside of it, whether you have a profession, are in business, or discharging the duties that fall upon you as the mother of a family and the keeper of a home. No condition is free from these mobs of the mind, and many and many a time we all succumb to them and sit down in utter discouragement.

How are we to remedy this state of things, some of you convinced of the truth of what I am saying, are asking? Simply by absolutely refusing to hear the whole crowd talking together. Take them one at a time, and calmly enter upon an inquiry as to which needs the earliest attention, then dismiss the rest of the troop until that is done. Follow with the next and the next and so on, until the most urgent are disposed of, and you have given enough of strength and time for one day, then deliberately turn your back upon the rest until you are ready to begin again. On no account while you are attending to one, or are resting, let the others clamor away at you, inducing you to do what they ask in thought, while your hands are busy, because in that case you are doing the work over twice or thrice or any number of times.

In fact that is what most of us are doing the greater part of our existence. We do not preserve that tranquility of spirit—hard to attain, but oh, so necessary if we would make the most and best of our lives—which would lead us to judge clearly just what it is necessary for us to do at the time and what may be left undone. We exhaust ourselves by letting these demands crowd in and upon each other in our minds, while it is absolutely impossible to attend to each and all. And often and often very many of the things which seem imperative are not so at all, and if looked squarely in the face and set one side will steal silently away and appear upon the scene no more.

What is the moral of all this? To stop fuming and fussing and fretting because you cannot accomplish all things. The world will move on, and so will you just as well if you do not succeed in doing all of what it appears to call upon you to be done. I do not advise you to sit down, fold your hands, and let matters go as they may, though a little of that sometimes among some of the nervous, worried housekeepers, and fidgety men of business might do good, because it would give a chance, through sheer despair of effecting any thing, for the mob to disperse.

We are all moving on to eternity, but it is an eternity in which thousands of the things that appear of infinite importance here will dwindle away into absolute nothingness. The command to take no thought for the morrow means that we should have more faith in the Father's love for us, and less confidence in our ability to get along without His assistance.

I think I cannot do better than to give you a chapter out of a book entitled "The Swamp Angel," written by Prentice Mulford, and recently published by F. J. Needham, Boston, who has, in the most amusing way, taught many valuable lessons. I give in illustration of what I have said:

"There are forty things in this house of mine which 'want doing,' as we say.

"The tea-kettle leaks, and should be in the tinman's hands. The floor needs scrubbing. The invalid rocking-chair has a broken back. There are holes in the heels of sundry socks. A jar of preserves has soured on my hands and needs cleaning. Various shelves need dusting. A lath is off the hen-coop. My pines for a garden are gradually languishing and dwindling in the front. One of my hens wants to 'set.'

"There are two letters to write, also some wood to cut, as well as water to bring, and some bread to be ordered from the baker. Besides which, I want, of all things, a rhubarb pie, and there's a broken window to be mended. There is no end to the wants; and I could name fifty more were I to take ten minutes, than I can do in a month. Besides, my lamp wants filling; and where has that knife gone to? And the wood hasn't come.

"Each of these wants represents an individual, with a demand for time, care and work. Collectively pressing upon me, they form a mob, and prevent me from doing anything. At times this whole mob rushes clamorously upon me, each yielding his demand, and insisting on being served first. I have endeavored to accommodate them, by serving them as fast as possible. This endeavor was a failure. I satisfied none, did nothing well, and did no justice to them or myself. I endeavored to mend the hen-coop, while my mind went back to the kitchen, where some corn bread was baking. My hand swung off my hammer, that descended on a finger instead of a nail, tearing off skin and flesh. Then I smelt the corn bread burning. It was burning. Two things cannot occupy the same place at the same time. Body in the hen-coop and mind in the kitchen mixes things up, and out of this maladjustment I got a bloody finger, a burned corn cake, an ill-repaired coop, a loss of serenity, and a consequent loss of strength.

"I tried to write a private letter. My mind strayed off on the broom lying on the floor. I rose to put it in its proper place, and kicked over a pot of red paint. Another mixture of mind and matter ensued.

"The next day the same mob came clamoring about me. I threw it down, equal to the emergency. I said, 'this row must be stopped. I'll stop it first in my mind. Though chaos reign in the house, though everything wants doing, there shall be but one thing done at a time, by as much of this mind and body I carry about me as I control. Out with ye all! Begone! until I can make up my mind which of you is a thing of more or less want or a pressing need, a thing which my comfort requires for the hour, or a thing which can be put off till to-morrow without damage.'

"The mob simmered down to a few individuals. Beyond cutting some wood, bringing some water, and two or three other chores,' there was nobody but could afford to wait.

"I attended to these 'musts,' and then applied myself to one of the unnecessaries.

This was my garden. I am cultivating a few plants, native to the soil, which I transplant from the neighboring thicket. I want to give these floral aborigines a show, and see what they will come to. I transplanted four very small young cedars, and in the middle placed a very pretty, wild running vine, whose common name I don't know, and whose botanical name I don't want to know.

"So far so good. I was working leisurely and pleasantly, feeling it rather a holiday business than otherwise, when suddenly, a vast ambition came into my mind, to make a series of circles and walks of a number of young cedars, and adorn a much larger space with other plants. Ere I was aware of it the ambition grew, possessed and governmeet me. I was hurried by it, strained by it, and tried by it. I found myself rushing to and from the grove with transplanted plants, digging furiously, and setting my mind far ahead of my work. In fact, one of the mob of wants, desires, plans, whims, aspirations, call them by what name you please, had captured me, and was making a slave of me. I sat down and said, 'This row must stop, too, and order shall reign in Warsaw.' I will not be commanded by all or one of you.'

I abandoned the great gardening ambition, and confined it to its original proportions. Then I felt better. The row was stopped. But all are not yet stopped. This empire of mind has long been badly governed, and something like insurrection still exists in it. These old foes are always at the gates, ready to rush in at the least opening.

FANCY WORK AND HOUSE DECORATION.

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS ON FABRIC DECORATION—WILD ROSE SPRAY.—This design, size 12x24 inches, is suited for the decoration of a black panel or a blue plush wall banner.

For plush work fine French bristle brushes in the following numbers are very useful: One pointed bristle brush No. 1, one pointed bristle each of No. 2, 3 and 5; one flat bristle of the following Nos. 3, 5, 7 and 9; also one fine sable brush No. 12; cut on the sides until it is firm and stubby. This outfit of brushes will do a nice variety of plush work. For this design executed on plush a small bottle of rectified turpentine and the following colors will be needed: Flake white, rose madder, chrome green No. 1, burnt sienna, emerald green and lemon yellow.

First give the entire design a coat of white leaves, stems, buds and blossoms. If you have pale drying oil add two or three drops to a teaspoonful of the turpentine (placed in a small tin lid), into this dip the brush occasionally, or a better way would be to take two or three drops of this "mixer" on a small pane of glass, with a little paint, blending well together before applying to the goods. Mix more paint in the same way, as you require it. When the coat of white is dry, retouch the tips of buds and the petals of the roses with shades made by adding to the white a little rose madder. About three tones of color should be used. One very delicate, one medium, and one deep tint. By going to the woods, the natural wild rose may be obtained as a model. When the petals are dry put in the oval, using chrome and emerald green, mixed, to produce the right shade.

Let this oval dry, and then, with the finest brush make the stamens, using lemon yellow.

Paint the chalices of buds and blossoms with chrome green, using a little emerald and a little lemon yellow for shading. When this green is dry use a few very light touches of burnt sienna. Paint the leaves and stems in the same manner. The same scheme of color applies to the black panel, but red sable instead of bristle brushes must be used. Nos. 1, 3 and 5 are are good numbers to place design on black, ebonized panel.

DESIGN FOR BLACK OR BROWN SATIN SOFA PILLOW.—Perforated Pattern No. 60.—Motto: "Tired Nature's Sweet Restorer, Balmy Sleep." One bottle gold bronzing powder, one tube permanent blue paint, a little pale drying oil, and sable brushes Nos. 1 and 3 will be needed. Stamp the design in centre of your satin, using white powder. Fasten satin, with drawing tacks, to painting. Mix a little of the bronzing powder in a small saucer, add just enough of the drying oil to stir up the paint, as bronzing dries rapidly. Paint the body of the letters with this. When dry, go around the outlines with a blue made by adding a little white to permanent blue.

Questions in regard to this department answered if accompanied by stamped envelope for reply. A catalogue of perforated paper patterns, giving sizes and styles of patterns, sent on receipt of six cents postage.—MRS. E. S. L. THOMPSON, Winchester, Randolph county, Indiana.

TO MAKE HAIR CHAINS.—Take a lead pencil, fasten a pin near the end of it, wind the horse hair around it several times, then tie a needle on the other end and work around in single stitch. If she desires a double chain, make two rings. To begin the second link make same as the first, only putting the hair through the first link every time she winds it around the pencil. I hope this is plain.—LAVENA, New Jersey.

KNITTING AND CROCHETING.

Knitting Abbreviations—k, knit; p, purl or seam; 2 tog, purl narrow; s and k, slip and bind; t to, throw thread over; b, bind; o, over; sl, slip; m, make.

Crocheting Abbreviations—l, loop; s c, single crochet; d c, double crochet; ch st, chain stitch; close chain stitch; s ch st, double chain stitch; p, picot; r c, ribbed crochet; c t st., crossed treble stitch; sh st. shell stitch; o sh st, open shell stitch; t, treble; sh c, short crochet.

KNITTED LACE COLLAR.—Cast on 34 stitches and knit across plain. 1st row—k 5—o 1—o 2—p 2 tog—k 1—o n—o n—o n—k 1. 2d row—thread around needle—k 8—o 2—p 2 tog—p to the end. 3rd row—k 7—o n 8 times—t o each time—k 1—o 2—p 2 tog—k 2—o n—o n—o n—k 1. 4th row—thread around the needle—k 9—o 2—p 2 tog—p to the end: 5th row—k 24—o 2—p 2 tog—k 3—o n—o n—o n—k 1. 6th row—t t o—k 10—o 2—p 2 tog—p the rest. 7th row—k 7—o n 8 times—t t o each time—k 12—o 2—p 2 tog—k 4—o n—o n—o n—k 1. 8th row—t t o—k 11—o 2—p 2 tog—p the rest. 9th row—k 24—o 2—p 2 tog—k 5—o n—o n—o n—k 1. 10th row—t t o—k 12—o 2—p 2 tog—k 19—p 5. 11th row—k 6—p 18—o 2—p 2 tog—k 6—o n—o n—o n—k 1. 12th row—k 13—o 2—p 2 tog—k 19—p 5. 13th row—k 6—p 18—o 2—p 2 tog—k 8—n. 14th row—s and b 4—k 7—o 2—p 2 tog—k 18. 15th row—k 6—p 18—o 2—p 2 tog—k 1—o n—o n—o n—k 1.—MATTIE WOLFORD, Bedford, Iowa.

CROCHETED TIDY.—I send the directions for making the crocheted tidy wheel I promised the HOUSEHOLD so long ago. It is beautiful and not hard to make. You can make the wheel of any number of thread you wish to, and if it is crocheted with seine twine it makes a lovely lambrequin. Knot a fringe in the lower edge to finish. 1st round—ch 10 and join. 2d round—3 ch—23 d c in the center—fasten. 3d round—5 ch—1 d c between each 2 d c of the 23 round—3 ch between, making 12 d c and 12 spaces. 4th round—ch 10—skip 2 loops, and put d c in each of the remaining 8 loops in each space—ch 4—o n—o n—o n—k 1. 5

NONE LIKE JESUS.

DR. TALMAGE TALKS OF FAITH.

His Sunday Sermon at Crete, Nebraska—Faith the Hinge on Which Eternity Turns.

CRETE, Neb., July 1.—To day there is a great outdoor meeting at this place—a Chautauqua meeting—and people from all parts are present. A sermon by the Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., is the principal feature of the occasion. The reverend gentleman's subject was "None Like Jesus." He took for his text, "Unto you therefore which believe he is precious." I Peter, ii, 7. Following is the sermon:

We had for many years in this country commercial depression. What was the matter with the stores? With the harvests? With the people? Lack of faith. Money enough, goods enough, skillful brains enough, industrious hands enough, but no faith. Now, what damages the commercial world damages the spiritual. Our great lack is faith. That is the hinge on which eternity turns. "O," says some one in the audience, "I have faith. I believe Christ came down to save the world." I reply that in worldly matters when you have faith you always act upon it. For instance, if I could show you a business operation by which you could make $5,000 you would immediately go into it. You would prove your faith in what I tell you by your prompt and immediate action. Now, if what you call faith in Christ has led you to surrender your entire nature to Jesus, and to corresponding action in life, it is genuine faith, and if it has not, it is not faith at all.

There are some things which I believe with the head. Then there are other things which I believe with the heart. And then there are other things which I believe both with the head and heart. I believe, for instance, that Cromwell lived. That is a matter of the head. Then there are other things which I believe with the heart, and not with the head. That is, I have no especial reason for believing them, and yet I want to believe them, and the wish is the father to the expectation. But there is a very great difference between that which we believe ourselves and that which we believe about others. For instance, you remember not a great while ago there was a disaster in Pennsylvania amid the mines; there was an explosion amid the damps and many lives were lost. In the morning you picked up your newspaper and saw that there had been a great disaster in Pennsylvania. You said: "Ah, what a sad thing this is; how many lives lost! O, what sorrow!" Then you read a little further on. There had been an almost miraculous effort to get those men out, and a few had been saved. "Oh," you said, "what a brave thing, what a grand thing that was! How well it was done!" Then you folded the paper up and sat down to your morning repast. Your appetite had not been interfered with, and during that day, perhaps, you thought only two or three times of the disaster. But suppose you and I had been in the mine, and the dying had been all around us, and we had heard the pickaxes just above us as they were trying to work their way down, and after a while we saw the light, and then the life bucket let down through the shaft, and, suffocated and half dead, we had strength enough to get and throw ourselves over into it, and had been hauled out into the light. Then what an appreciation we would have had of the agony and the darkness beneath, and the joy of deliverance. That is the difference between believing a thing about others and believing it about ourselves.

We take up the Bible and read that Christ came to save the world. "That was beautiful," you say, "a fine specimen of self-denial. That was very grand, indeed." But suppose it is found that we ourselves were down in the mine of sin and in the darkness, and Christ stretched down his arm of mercy through the gloom and lifted us out of the pit, and set our feet on the Rock of Ages, and put a new song into our mouth. Oh, then it is a matter of hand-clapping; it is a matter of deep emotions. Which kind of faith have you, my brother.

It is faith that makes a Christian, and it is the proportion of faith that makes the difference between Christians. What was it that lifted Paul and Luther and Dwight Dodbridge above the ordinary level of Christian character? It was the simplicity, the brilliancy, the power, and the splendor of their faith. Oh, that we had more of it! God give us more faith to preach and more faith to hear. "Lord! we believe, help thou our unbelief!" "To you which believe he is precious."

First—I remark Christ is precious to the believer, as a Savior from sin. A man says: "To whom are you talking? I am one of the most respectable men in this neighborhood; do you call me a sinner?" Yes! The heart is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked." You say: "How do you know anything about my heart?" I know that about it, for God announces it in His word; and what God says is always right. When a man becomes a Christian people say: "That man sets himself above us." Oh, no! Instead of setting himself up he throws himself down. He cries out: "I was lost once, but am found;" I was blind once, but now I see. I prostrate myself at the foot of the cross of the Savior's mercy."

What a grand thing it is to feel that all the bad words I have ever uttered, and all the bad deeds I have ever done, and all the bad thoughts that have gone through my mind, though they had never been, for the sake of what Christ has done, God will know there is a difference in stains. Some can be washed out by water, the others require a chemical preparation. The sin of the heart is so black and indelible a mark that no human application can cleanse it, while the blood of Jesus Christ can wash it out forever. O, the infinite, the omnipotent chemistry of the gospel! Some man says: "I believe all that. I believe God has forgiven the most of my sins, but there is one sin I cannot forget." What is it? I do not want to know what it is, but I take the responsibility of saying that God would forgive it as willingly as any other sin.

O'er sins like mountains for their size,
The seas of sovereign grace expand,
The seas of sovereign grace arise.

There was a very good man about 75 years of age, that once said: "I believe God has forgiven me, but there was one sin which I committed when I was about 20 years of age that I never forgave myself for, and I can't feel happy who n I think of it." He said that one sin sometimes came over his heart, and blotted out all his hope of heaven. Why, he lacked faith. The grace that can forgive a small sin can forgive a large sin. Mighty to save. Mighty to save. Who is the God like unto our God, that pardoneth iniquity? O, what Jesus is to the soul that believes in him! The soul looks up into Christ's face and says: "To what extent will thou forgive me?" And Jesus looks back into his face and says: "To the uttermost." The soul says: "Will it never be brought up again?" "Never," says Christ. "Won't it be brought up again in Judgment Day?" "No," says Christ, "never in the Judgment Day." What bread is to the hungry, what harbor is to the bestormed, what light is to the blind, what liberty is to the captive, that, and more than that, is Christ to the man who trusts him.

Just try to get Christ away from that Christian. Put on that man the thumb screw. Twist it until the bones crack. Put that foot into the iron boot of persecution until it is mashed into a pulp. Stretch that man on the rack of the Inquisition, and louder than all the uproar of the persecutors, you will hear his voice like the voice of Alexander Le Croix, above the crackling fagots as he cried out: "O Jesus! O, my blessed Jesus! O, divine Jesus! who would not die for thee?"

Again: I remark that Christ is precious to the believer, as a friend. You have commercial friends and you have family friends. To the commercial friend you go when you have business troubles. You can look back to some day—it may have been ten or twenty years ago—when, if you had not had that friend, you would have been entirely overthrown in business. But I want to tell you this morning of Jesus, the best business friend a man ever had. He can pull you out of the most perplexities. There are people in this audience who have got in the habit of putting down all their worldly troubles at the feet of Jesus. Why, Christ meets the business man on the street and says: "O, business man, I know all thy troubles. I will be with thee. I will see them through." Look out how you try to corner or trample on a man who is backed up by the Lord God Almighty. Look out how you trample on him. O, there is a financier that many of our business men have not found out. Christ owns all the boards of trade, all the insurance companies and all the banking houses. They say that the Vanderbilts own the railroads; but Christ owns the Vanderbilts and the railroads, and all the plottings of stock gamblers shall be put to confusion, and God with his little finger shall wipe out their infamous projects. How often it has been that we have seen men gather up riches by fraud, in a pyramid of strength and beauty, and the Lord came and blew on it and it was gone; while there are those here to-day who, if they could speak out in this assemblage, or dared to speak out, would say: "The best friend I had in 1837; the best friend I had in 1857; the best friend I had at the opening of the war; the best friend I ever had has been the Lord Jesus Christ. I would rather give up all other friends than this one."

But we have also family friends. They come in when we have sickness in the household. Perhaps they say nothing, but they sit down and they weep as the light goes out from the bright eyes and the white petals of the lily are scattered in the blast of death. They watch through the long night by the dying couch, and then, when the spirit has gone, sooth you with great comfort. They say: "Don't cry. Jesus pities you. All is well. You will meet the lost one again." Then, when your son went off, breaking your heart, did they not come and put the story in the very best shape and prophecy the return of the prodigal? Were they not in your house when the birth angel flapped its wings over your dwelling? And they have been there at the infant baptism and at the weddings. Family friends! But I have to tell you that Christ is the best family friend. Oh, blessed is that cradle over which Jesus bends. Blessed is that nursery where Jesus walks. Blessed is that sick brow from which Jesus wipes the dampness. Blessed is that table where Jesus breaks the bread. Blessed is that grave where Jesus stands with his scarred feet on the upturned sod, saying: "I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live." Have you a babe in the house? Put it into the arms of the great Child Lover. Is there a sick one in the house? Think of him who said: "Damsel, arise." Are you afraid you will come to want? Think of him who fed the five thousand. Is there a little one in your house that you are afraid will be blind or deaf or lame? Think of him who touched the blinded eye and snatched back the boy from epileptic convulsions. Oh, he is the best friend. Look over your family friends to-day and find another that can be compared to him. When we want our friends they are sometimes out of town. Christ is always in town. We find that some will stick to us in prosperity who will not in adversity. But Christ comes through darkest night, and amid ghastly sorrow, and across roughest sea, to comfort you. There are men and women here who would have been dead twenty years ago but for Jesus. They had gone through trial enough to exhaust ten times their physical strength. Their property went, their health went, their dearest were scattered. God only knows what they suffered. They are an amazement to themselves that they have been able to stand it. They look at their once happy home, surrounded by all comfort. Gone! They think of the time when they used to rise strong in the morning and walk vigorously down the street, and had experienced a health they thought inexhaustible. Gone! Everything gone but Jesus. He has pitied them. His eye has watched them. His omnipotence defended them. Yes, he has been with them. They have gone through disaster, and he was a pillar of fire by night. They have gone across stormy Galilee, but Christ had his foot on the neck of the storm. They felt the waves of trouble coming up around them gradually, and they began to climb into the strong rock of God's defense, and then the watery mass, as they looked over the waters: "God is our refuge and stren gth an ever present help in time of trouble; therefore we will not fear though the earth is removed, though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea, though the waters thereof roar and be troubled, though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof. Selah." The other day there was a sailor who came into the Bethel in New York, and said: "My lads, (he was standing among sailors), I don't know what's the matter with me. I used to hear a good deal about religion and about Jesus Christ. I don't know that I have any religion, or that I know anything much about Christ, but when I was in mid Atlantic I looked up one day through the rigging, and there seemed to come light through my soul. I have felt different ever since, and I love those I once hated, and I feel a joy I can't tell you. I really don't know what is the matter with me." A rough sailor got up and said: "My lad, I know what's the matter with you. You have found Jesus. It is enough to make any man happy."

His worth if all the nations knew,
Sure the whole earth would love him too.

I remark again: Christ is precious to the believer, as a final deliverer. You and I must after awhile get out of this world. Here and there, one may perhaps come on to 80, to 90 years of age, but your common sense tells you that the next twenty-five years will land the majority of this audience in eternity. The next ten years will thin out a great many of these family circles. This day may do the work for some of us. Now, why do I say this? To scare you? No; but just as I would stand by you to-day, if were a business man, and talk over risks, so I do not consider it cowardly to talk in your store over temporal risks. Is it base in us this morning to talk a little while over the risks of the soul, that are for eternity? In every congregation death has the last year been doing a great deal of work. Where is your father? Your mother? Your husband? Your child? Your brother? Your sister? O, how cruel does death seem to be! Will he pluck every flower? Will he poison every fountain? Will he put black on every door knob? Will he snap every heart string? Can I keep nothing? Are there no charmed weapons with which to go out and contend against him? Give me some keen sword, sharpened in God's armory, with which I may stab him through. Give me some battle ax that I may clutch it and hew him from helmet to sandal. Thank God, thank God that he that rideth on the pale horse hath more than a match in him who rideth on the white horse. St. John heard the conflict, heard the pawing of the steeds, the rush, the battle cry, the onset, until the pale horse came down on his haunches and his rider bit the dust, while Christ, the conqueror, with uplifted voice declared it: "O death, I will be thy plague; O grave, I will be thy destruction."

The sepulcher is a lighted castle on the shore of heavenly seas, and sentinel angels walk up and down at the door to guard it. The dust and dampness of the grave are only the spray of the white surf of celestial seas, and the long-breathing of the dying Christian, that you call his gasping, is only the long inhalation of the air of heaven. Oh, bless God for all that Christ is to the Christain soul, here and hereafter!

I heard a man say some time ago that they never laugh in heaven. I do not know where he got his authority for that. I think they do laugh in heaven. When victors come home do we not laugh? When fortunes are won in a day, do we not laugh? After we have been ten or fifteen years away from our friends and we greet them again, do we not laugh? Yes, we will laugh in heaven. Not hollow laughter, not meaningless laughter, but a full, round clear, deep, resonant outbreak of eternal gladness. Oh, the glee of that moment when we first see Jesus! I think we will take the first two or three years in heaven to look at Jesus; and if, in ten thousand years, there should be a moment when the doxology paused, ten thousand souls would cry out: "Sing! sing!" and when the cry was: "What shall we sing?" the answer would be: "Jesus! Jesus!" Oh, you may have all the crowns in heaven; I do not care so much about them. You may have all the robes in heaven; I do not care so much about them. You may have all the thrones in heaven; I do not care so much about them. But give me Jesus—that is enough heaven for me. O Jesus! I long to see thee. Thou "chief among ten thousand, the one altogether lovely."

There may be some here who have come hardly knowing why they come. Perhaps it was as in Paul's time—you have come to hear what this babbier sayeth; but I am glad to meet you face to face, and to strike hands with you in one earnest talk about your deathless spirit. Do you know, my friend, that this world is not good enough for you? It cheats. It dies. It does. You are immortal. I see it in the deathless spirit looking out from your eye. It is a mighty spirit. It is an immortal spirit. It beats against the window of the cage. I come out to feed it. During the past week the world has been trying to feed it with husks. I come out this morning to feed it with that bread of which if a man eat he will never hunger What has the word done for you? Has it not bruised you? Has it not betrayed you? Has it not maltreated you? Look me in the eye, immortal man, and tell me if that is not so. And yet, will you trust it? Oh, I wish that you could forget me, the weak and sinful man—that I might vanish from your sight this morning, and that Jesus might come in. Aye, he comes here this morning to plead for your soul—comes in all covered with the wounds of Calvary. He says: "Oh, immortal man! I died for thee. I pity thee. I come to save thee. With these hands, torn and crushed, I will lift thee up into pleasures that never die." Who will reject—who will drive him back? When Christ was slain on the cross, they had a cross and they had nails and they had hammers. You crucify him by your sin, O impenitent soul, the Lord Jesus Christ. Here is a cross, but where are the nails? Where are the hammers? "Ah," says some one rejecting Christ, some one standing a long way off, "I will furnish the nails. I don't believe in that Jesus. I will furnish the nails." Now we have the nails; who will furnish the hammers? "Ah," says some hard heart, "I will furnish the hammers." Now we have the nails and the hammers. We have no spears; who will furnish the spears? "Ah," says some one long in the habit of sin and rejection of Christ's mercy, "I will furnish them." Now we have all the instruments; the cross, the nails, the hammers, the spears, and the crucifixion goes on. Oh, the darkness! O, the pang! O, the tears! O, the death! "Behold the Lamb of God, that takest away the sin of the world."

Lord Jesus, help that man. He sits far back to-day. He does not like to come forward. He feels strange in a religious assemblage. He thinks, perhaps, we do not want him. O, Jesus, take that trembling hand. Put thine ear to that agitated heart and hear how it beats. O, lift the iron gate of that prison house and let that man go free.

Lord Jesus, help that woman. She is a wanderer. No tears can she weep. See, Lord Jesus, that polluted soul; see that blistered foot. No church for her. No good cheer for her. No hope for her. Lord Jesus, go to that soul. Thou wilt not stone her. Let the red hot chain, that burns to the bone till the bloody ichor hisses in the heat, snap at thy touch O, have mercy on Mary Magdalene.

Lord Jesus, help that young man. He took money out of his employer's till. Didst thou see it? The clerks were all gone. The lights were down. The shutters were up. Didst thou see it? Oh, let him not fall into the pit. Remembereest thou not his mother's prayers? She can pray for him no more. Lord Jesus, touch him on the shoulder. Touch him on the heart. Lord save that young man. There are many young men here. I got a letter from one of them, who is probably here to-day, and I shall have no further opportunity of answering that letter. You say you believe in me. Oh, do you believe in God? I cannot save you, my dear brother. Christ can. He wants and waits to save you, and he comes to-day to save you. Will you have him? I do not know what our young men do without Christ—how they get on amid all the temptations and trials to which they are subjected. The young men, come to Christ to-day, and put your soul and your interest for this life and for the next into His keeping. In olden times, you know, a cup bearer would bring wine or water to the king, who would drink it, first tasting it himself, lest there should be poison in it, then passing it to the king, who would drink it. The highest honor that I ask is that I may be cup bearer to-day to your soul. I bring you this water of everlasting life. I have been drinking of it. It has never done me any harm. O, drink it, and live forever. And let that aged man put his head down on the staff, and let that poor widowed soul bury her worried face in her handkerchief, and these little children fold their hands in prayer, while to one and to all I commend the Lord Jesus Christ, who was wounded for our transgressions and bruised for our iniquities; for to you which believe He is precious.

BUSINESS SHRINKING.

The First Half of the Year Finds the Effects of Politics Noticeable.

NEW YORK, June 30.—R. G. Dun & Co.'s weekly review of trade will say:

The half year closes with a volume of business at this date about 10 per cent smaller than that of last year, but larger than that of 1886, or previous years.

The general complaint that business is dull means that the reaction from the greater activity of a year ago, and from the confident expectations of last winter, is keenly felt.

To very many traders, who bought largely in their over-confidence, the shrinkage brings serious losses or actual embarrassment, and to this cause is mainly due the increase noted during recent months in the number of failures.

For the past quarter failures number 2,241 in the United States, against 1,905 for the same quarter last year and in Canada 343 against 315.

In amount of liabilities there is also an increase in the United States, the amount being $29,220,350, as against $22,976,330 last year, but a decrease in Canada of $2,781,674 against $3,107,346 last year.

Prices have declined a little more during the past week, but show at the close some recovery.

Wheat is a quarter lower than a week ago.

Corn a cent lower and oats a cent higher. Fractional gains appear in lard and coffee, while cotton has weakened an eighth and speculators for arise have been hastily unloading.

Oil is about a cent lower and refined has declined an eighth.

Bar iron appears a shade firmer, strikes at the West being deemed possible, and better prices are realized for Bessemer pig at Pittsburg, but other quotations do not improve. No 1 foundry has been sold for less than $18 at Philadelphia, and steel rails are unchanged.

Wool remains unusually dull for the season and the manufacture shows no signs of recovery.

The general average of prices of commodities is but a small fraction lower than a week a week ago, and if crop prospects should prove less favorable, some advance might at any time begin.

The crop prospects, excepting as to winter wheat, continue generally encouraging in every respect save this; the lateness of the season makes all crops liable to injury if the weather does not soon bring warm and should prove exceptionally hot or dry. But our reports from all points show, that with favorable weather an excellent yield may be expected.

As to winter wheat, however, the reports do not warrant reduced estimates of the loss and, on account of the shortage, the weather is more than ever important now to be watched with all the greater anxiety.

Accounts from the cattle-growing regions are favorable, but low prices are seriously felt by growers.

The clip of wool does not appear to have diminished materially, but there is less readiness to market than usual, because of the general belief that prices may improve after Congress has adjourned.

The volume of business is good for the season at Omaha, Denver, Cleveland and St. Paul, but is generally somewhat disappointing.

Complaints of dullness in trade, and slow collections come from most quarters, though the supply of money is at almost every point adequate. In many cases the diversion of capital to real estate operations, some months ago, causes considerable pressure.

The latest reports of exchanges show a decrease in the volume of business in comparison with last year of 18 per cent at New York, and 10.7 per cent outside of New York.

At Boston the loss is over 20 per cent, at Baltimore and New Orleans about 15 per cent, and at St. Paul 13. But gains appear of 15 per cent at Pittsburg, 6 at Cincinnati, and 5½ per cent at Kansas City.

In foreign trade exports fall below last year for June about 8½ per cent, while imports have slightly increased.

The value of exports for the fiscal year has probably been about $697,000,000 and of imports about $722,000,000.

No gold of consequence has gone abroad, nor has the treasury made further bond purchases of importance. Its statement of cash on hand shows no gain or loss for the past week.

In the stock market, dullness has brought a slightly lower average of prices, but holders hope for a July rise, and reports of railroad earnings continue good. On the other hand, the cutting of rates increases and prospects of state regulation of charges at the West grow more threatening.

The annual reports of state of business rfom branch offices throughout the country issued to day by R. G. Dun & Co., the mercantile agency, present a mass of valuable information. It will be observed that uncertainties regarding the action of Congress are quite generally noted as a cause of dullness in trade.

The accompanying report of failures for the half year ending June 30, is more favorable than the statement for the last quarter, showing but a slight increase in number for the United States and a decrease in the magnitude of liabilities in Canada, as follows: United States: 1888—First half, failures, 5,180; liabilities, $68,114,150. 1887—First half, failures, 4,012; liabilities, 55,138,002. Canada: 1888—First half, failures, 872; liabilities, $7,802,422. 1887—First half, failures, 721; liabilities, $10,693,015.

The President has signed the Indian Appropriation bill.

The Farm.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Frequent Cultivation of Corn.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—I want to say something in reply to B. F. Carroll's article on the cultivation of corn during a dry season. In his article he thinks Rakestraw and Young are right on the theory of frequent cultivation, but thinks they should add the four-inch theory. Now, let us look at it. Why does frequent cultivation add to the crop, in a dry season? or why does Mr. Carroll expect a better crop, by frequent cultivation, than his neighbor will have, just across the road who does not cultivate so frequently. Mr. Carroll's answer would probably be, he had done the same thing before which was attended with like results, therefore he expected the same again, or he had observed as much. Many of us stop here, let us go just a little further. Our corn crop depends very much on the power of the soil to absorb and retain moisture, and the power of the soil to absorb and retain moisture depends upon the coarse or fine divisions of the particles of clay which enter into its composition. All farmers are familiar with the fact that fine pulverized soil retain moisture much longer than a soil not pulverized. The water that clings to the particles of the soil is designated by some as the "water of moisture;" that which fills the spaces "free water." We all know that the "water of moisture" is what we want, and the "free water" is not what we want. It is also evident that we have no "free water" until we have the "water of moisture. If the soil is not saturated with water, when it commences to rain, the surface will commence to absorb the water—it absorbs more or less as the soil is fine or coarse—until it is dripping wet, then the "free water" obeys the law of gravitation, and goes on down to moisten the soil below until it is dripping wet, and so on. As soon as it has ceased to rain, evaporation commences, this calls into use the capillary tubes. These are few or many as the divisions of the particles of soil are coarse or fine. The capillary tubes passes up moisture from deep down in the earth or subsoil, and not only moisture, but much plant food. The deeper we plow our ground, (not turning up too much clay,) and the oftener we cultivate, (not tearing and breaking the roots) the better, for it gives the air a chance to circulate through the soil, and the air at all times has more or less moisture in it, and coming in contact with the cooler earth the moisture condences forming on the particles of soil, as dew on vegetation, thus adding continually to the flow of moisture carried up by the capillary tubes. The deeper we plow, the more ground the air will circulate through, and the more moisture the ground will get from the air. The oftener we cultivate the finer the particles of soil. The finer the particles of soil the more capillary tubes, and the more capillary tubes the more moisture obtained from deep down in the earth or subsoil. If we break or plow our ground only four inches, four inches will be about the depth of the roots of our corn, (if the soil is not well underdrained), and during a drouth it will suffer for want of depth of earth. If we break or plow eight or ten inches, the roots will go to that depth. The fact is that the roots of most of our crops will go as deep as the ground is loose, porous, moist and wormy. The deeper the roots the better able the crop to stand a drouth. To give the roots proper depth to stand a drouth, it takes more, vastly more, than plowing and cultivating. It takes a thorough system of underdrainage, and this I think is the key to good crops during a drouth.—E. A. KNIGHT, Hartford City, Ind.

Cranberries.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—If you should see fit to communicate this will try and answer E. Truesdell, Breedsville, Mich. If your marsh is drained sufficient i. e., there should be a ditch run entirely around the marsh, and cross ditches through it to the lowest point, and all terminate at the same point. Put here a flood-gate, or better, two air tight, the other open like a setve. If you can use tidal posts you can use either one as are needed. The sluice gate of the marsh should be taken off, which can be easily done quickly by cutting in strips, then you can roll it up like a beef hide and remove. Set your plants in rows, running as near as possible parallel with your ditches 18 inches wide and 12 inches in the row. Drop your plants as you would potatoes, and step on the root which is all that is needed. Now flooding is essential for at least two reasons: First, for the killing of the cranberry worm Now if you have full control of it is short work flood until the worm rises to the top. Then hoist the gate, or for this purpose, which is better, draw from the top. Second, when your berries are ready to gather, with a cranberry rake rake the berries from the vines then flood. The berries will float to the lowest point in the bulkhead, and can be easily removed with a skimmer made for the purpose. They will be assorted at this time on the skimmer, and they are clean and bright and ready for the market. This is the time you will want to use the open grate, but only for the purpose of floating them quickly to the gate. Then close the tight one while there is plenty of water under the berries. Never flood long enough to injure the vines. When well established they will stand a good deal of both water and dry weather. Flooding for irrigating, just partly fill the ditches, your judgment and observation will determine this.—R. H. CHANDLER, Bazoar, Kas.

Raising Corn—Potatoes.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—Having seen a good number of experiments of farmers in the last issue of the BLADE on the cultivation of corn, being an old farmer myself, and my father an old Ohio farmer, I thought I would say something in the way of farming. My experience is, when corn is small, if the ground will admit harrow. Next take a one-horse turning plow, run the land side to the corn as close as you can get. That give the sun a chance to shine around the roots of the corn and warm it up. After the ground is well loosened around the hills take the double-shovel and stir the soil fill loose and clear of weeds. Then, if the weather is dry, plow but little or very shallow, and not too close to the corn, as it breaks the roots and lets the sap run out. But if there comes a soaking rain then go right into it while hot enough, and give it a thorough cultivating. Four plowings will make corn, if done at the proper time. Too much and deep plowing in dry weather injures corn. The last plowing, if done with a double-shovel, leaving the ground as level as possible, not plowing too deep, as moisture will not rise above the depth you plow.

To raise potatoes I break the ground deep, pulverize well with drag, lay off ground three feet. Take the smallest potatoes you can get, Early Ohio or Dunmore. Drop one in a place eighteen inches apart. When up and big enough to plow thin out to three stalks in a hill. If the soil is good and anything like a season, my word for it you will have large potatoes and a good yield.—CHAS. L. GOUGH, Rock Spring, Mo.

INFORMATION WANTED.

Lumpy Milk in Cow.

S. S. Hermosa, Colorado: To relieve your cow of lumpy milk, and of its peculiar color, first give her half a pound of salts in a quart of warm water in which there is stirred a cupful of molasses and a full teaspoonful of ginger. After this operates, give her an ounce of saltpetre in her drinking water morning and evening for about a week. Foment the udder with warm water, and after wiping dry, rub this on: Glycerine, four ounces; iodide of potassium, one drachm. Dissolve this in only sufficient water to make the solution, and rub on twice a day with gentle friction. The udder should be kneaded carefully with the hands, and the cow milked three times a day until the milk ducts perform their proper functions.

Lymphagnitis.

B. L., Mountain Grove, Missouri: From what you say your horse is improving that has lymphagnitis. It is at times an obstinate thing to get rid of and takes time. We advice you to give four drachms of Barbadoes aloes, one drachm gentian, one drachm ginger. Mix this with syrup or soap for a ball the shape of your finger, so that it may be readily passed in to the root of the tongue. Put a full teaspoonful of saltpetre in the drinking water morning and evening for a week. Wrap the leg well up with a band of oat straw or woolen cloths, and saturate this with water as warm as the hand will bear it. The bathing with hot water should be done for an hour, morning and evening. Put a handful of salt in the water. Feed no corn or oats; make the diet hay, bran mashes and water until the mare begins to recover. When you set her to work, in the evening bathe the leg with cold vinegar, and wrap with a muslin bandage. Work her gently for some time. In about two weeks, give this: 1½ ozs. sulphate of iron, 1 oz. nitrate of potash, 2 drs. fungreek seed, 2 ozs. linseed meal. Give a tablespoonful night and morning in soft feed. This formula from the American Farmers' Cyclopedia of Live Stock, is an excellent thing to brace an animal up and give it an appetite.

Lumps on Horse That Itch.

OLD SUBSCRIBER, Lake Mary, Florida: We are unable to judge correctly from what you say about your horse. The trouble seems to us to be eczema, although it may be blood poisoning and of a serious character. We advise you to give him powdered aloes 3 drs., bicarbonate of soda 1 dr. This in a pint of warm water as a drench. After this operates, take of flour of sulphur, ½ lb.; carbonate of potash, ½ lb.; carbolic acid, 1 oz.; lard, 2 lbs.; olive oil, 2 lbs. Mix with gentle heat, and after washing the parts applied with soap and water and drying him off, rub the whole of the diseased parts and a large space of the healthy skin with the mixture, leaving it on two days. Afterward wash off with strong soap and water. After a week's time give of sulphate of copper, ½ a dr.; sulphate of zinc, ½ a dr.; aniseed, 3 drs. Mix into a ball with any common mass, and give once a day for four days. If that does not affect a cure you have a bad case on your hands. At all events, if you have a veterinary near where you live his services should be secured. A personal examination in such cases should be made by a veterinary.

Book on Horse of Training.

J. W. C., Independence, Kan.: For a book on the training of horses write to Brown, Eager & Hull, Toledo, Ohio.

Turnip Seed.

J. R. H., Ducktown, Tenn.: The offer you make to give farmers turnip seed at 10 cents a spoonful is in the nature of an advertisement. You will therefore see that we cannot publish that which you request.

Burning Out Stumps.

F. H. Knox, Indiana: We know of nothing that will effectually burn out stumps. Many farmers in Ohio use what are known as giant powder cartridges for the purpose. These cartridges, called by some peroxide dynamite cartridges, do the work pretty effectually. A crow bar is pushed under the stump, and after it is pulled out, the cartridge is put in the hole left by the crow bar. A fuse is attached to the cartridge and the farmer stands at a distance until it explodes. These cartridges are for sale in almost any large town. Perhaps some of the members of the BLADE FARM can tell how to burn out stumps effectually. We know of several ways to burn stumps, but none that we think effectual.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Prof. Lloyd on Feed for Cows.

The only conclusion which we can draw from the experience of feeding milch cows with sufficient food and silage, said Prof. Lloyd in his paper at the British dairy conference, is that the water that exists naturally in a vegetable has a very special effect upon the animal, and cannot be adequately replaced by water drunk in the usual way. In my opinion it seems that in vegetable matter there is an intimate union between this water and the chemical constituents of the vegetable. What this union or chemical combination is can not yet be said. In mineral substances we know that water can exist in intimate chemical union entirely different from water, which is merely mixed with the substance, and we may argue by analogy that there may be a similar two-fold condition of water in vegetable substances. Whether this be so or not the fact remains that a vegetable as grown can be very differently as food to that vegetable first dried and subsequently mixed with an amount of water equal to that which had been taken away. After a careful consideration of the feeding experiments hitherto conducted, it seems to me that the succulent foods which have contained a very great proportion of water have proved the most valuable for dairy cattle, and this is apparently the chief cause why, in the experiments of Mr. J. B. Edwards, and subsequently of Sir John Lawes and Dr. Gilbert, mangels have proved superior to silage. In dry matter the two diets were similar, but the mangels contained eighty pounds of succulent water, the silage only forty pounds.

The Millers and the Farmers.

The last session of the Millers' National convention opened at Buffalo, N. Y., Thursday. The situation evidently looks to the establishment of a flour which shall be as "Resolved, that the Executive committee take steps to secure the consent of three-fourths of the merchant milling capacity of each state to agree to submit to their control the output of the country, and as soon as it is assured that they take steps to put same into effect." The latter clause is not very lucid, 'tis true, but the intention is quite plain. It was also resolved to take steps to ascertain the full milling capacity of the states and territories, also the consumption of flour in this country so as to know the relation of production and consumption for home over for export, with a view to regulate supply and demand. As in other trusts, the millers of the country want to do less work while making more money, by putting up the price of the manufactured article, while putting down the price of the raw material —which in the present case. To leave no doubt whatever of their selfish intentions and to show that they utterly disregard the interests of the vast body of producers who supply them with grist, they finally resolved that it was the sense of the convention that the duty on wheat should be removed, and that a copy of the resolution to that effect should be sent to the chairman on the tariff revision of the House of Representatives.

The present duty on wheat is 20 cents a bushel, and if this were removed, the farmers of the entire Northwest would at once have to meet strenuous competition from the great bonanza wheat growers of Manitoba and the Canadian Northwest Territoro. The great milling interests of the country are principally situated at Minneapolis and other Northwestern points within easy reach of the great Canadian wheat fields, hence the great eagerness of the Millers' association for the removal of one of the few import duties that "protect" agriculture. Of course, Canada is the only "foreign" country from which competition in wheat is to be feared; but if our northern friends want the advantages of free trade with this country in wheat as well as in other matters, they can easily obtain them by joining the Union.—*Rural New Yorker.*

Horticultural Notes.

Ament fashions in flowers, 30 years ago, thousands of camelia flowers were retailed in the holiday seasons for $1 each, while camelias would not bring a dime. Now many of the many roses sell at $1 each, while camelia flowers go begging.

There is no plant that enjoys plenty of good manure more than the rose, and a lack of this will always result in scraggy plants and miserable blooms. Cow manure is exceptionally good for roses, especially when reduced to a good compost. Dig in plenty of it about the roots, and especially use plenty of it when the roses are first planted.

A profitable market has been found, says a contemporary, for the poor, despised American red oak, that has been considered of no value at all. American dealers are buying up all they can get hold of and shipping it to Liverpool. There the lumber is manufactured into fancy furniture and shipped back to New York, where it is sold to wealthy people as the real English oak, and at pretty stiff prices, too.

In sowing onions, beets, carrots, parsnips, salsify and such like, put a radish seed every twelve inches in the row. The radishes come up so quickly that you can see the row plainly in a week or less, and so can hoe between the rows for weeks before you can see a carrot, or an onion, or a beet. This idea is worth $5 a year to a farmer who has a good-sized family kitchen garden. I saw the idea in an agricultural journal five or six years ago, and have practiced it ever since. One good idea like the above would pay for a good many agricultural or horticultural journals.

Peter Henderson says, at the beginning of the present century it is not probable that there were 100 florists in the United States, and their combined green house structures could not have exceeded 50,000 square feet of glass. There are now more than 10,000 florists distributed through every state and territory in the Union and estimating 5,000 square feet of glass to each, the total area would be 50,000,000 feet, or about 1,000 acres of green-houses. But beneath these flitting fancies is the substantial and unchanging love of flowers that seems to be an original instinct in man, and one that grows in strength with growing refinement. Fashion may now and again condemn one flower or another, but the fashion of neglecting flowers altogether will never prevail, and we may safely look forward in the expectation of an ever increasing interest and demand, steady improvement in methods of cultivation and to new and attractive developments in form, color and fragrance.

Among the passengers who sailed for Europe to-day on the Cunard steamer Aurenia from New York, were the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough.

News of the Week.

POLITICAL.

SENATOR QUAY.

He Wanted Sherman But is Well Satisfied With Ben Harrison.

BEAVER, June 29.—United States Senator Quay arrived from Chicago this morning. In an interview this afternoon he said: "Of course I wanted to see Sherman nominated. I went to Chicago for that purpose and did all I could to bring about his nomination, but the odds were against us. I certainly am satisfied with the nomination of General Harrison, or I should not have voted for him. Mr. Morton was my first choice for the Vice Presidency.

M. S. QUAY.

"Is there any doubt about Harrison's ability to carry Indiana and New York?"

"I think not. I firmly believe that he can carry both of those states if any man can, and on the Pacific slope he will be just as popular as any other man outside of Blaine himself, for whom the delegates came to the convention instructed."

The Senator looked tired, and says he will remain at home here resting for a few days, and will probably return to Washington early next week.

INCREASED ENTHUSIASM.

The Country Still Rejoicing at the Nomination of Harrison.

INDIANAPOLIS, June 27.—Another installment of Chicago pilgrims came on a late train arriving at 8 o'clock last night. By this time the streets were ablaze with natural gas illuminations, several arches and pyramids of fire shooting their flames in the air. The sidewalks were even more crowded than the night before and the confused din of cheering and horn blowing was continuous. The crowds surged to and fro in a good-natured way, shouting for Harrison and Morton.

The mass meeting at Tomlinson Hall was called to order about 8 o'clock by Chairman Griffin, of the State Central Committee. There were several thousand persons present. Mr Griffin made a speech describing the scenes in the convention and the efforts by which Harrison was nominated.

He was loudly applauded at various points, and at the conclusion of his speech the audience gave three cheers for the Indiana delegation and their work at Chicago. He was followed by Maj. Calkins, of this city; Hon. G. Henry Gould, of Massachusetts; Hon. Frank Plumley, of Vermont; Judge Wood, of Virginia; Eugence C. Hay, of Minnesota; Col. R. S. Robertson and Hon. T. Griffiths, of this city. All the speakers were vociferously cheered, and every allusion to the names of Harrison and Morton was loudly applauded.

Gen. Harrison, in addressing the vast audience, and especially his soldier friends, said:

COMRADES, called as I have been by the national convention of one of the great political parties of this country to be its candidate for the Presidency, it will probably be my fortune before election to receive many delegations representing the various interests and classes of our fellow citizens; but I am sure that one of them all will come none whose coming will touch my heart so deeply as this visit from comrades of the Seventieth Indiana and these scattered members of other regiments that constituted the First Brigade of the Third Division of the Twentieth Army Corps.

"I recall many scenes of their action. I remember that on the morning of which we were called to leave our homes and cross the Ohio river to enter a territory that was in arms against the government which we had sworn to support.

"I recall, with you, the tender parting, the sad hearts of those we left and whom we left behind.

"I rec

WASHINGTON NEWS.

ON THE TARIFF.

Mr. Kelly's Plan for Expediting an Adjournment

WASHINGTON, June 27.—(Special.)—When Mr. Mills called up the tariff bill in the House, Mr. Kelly, of Pennsylvania, suggested, on his individual responsibility, that as a means of expediting an adjournment that the tariff bill be laid aside until the next session, its fate then to depend upon the result of the November elections and that the surplus be kept down by an entire repeal of the tobacco tax.

KELLY.

Mr. Mills rejected the suggestion, and made a counter proposal that the Republicans should fix an early day for taking a final vote on the bill. Mr. Reed, of Maine, declared that Mr. Kelly spoke for himself alone, and that the Republicans would insist upon pointing out the defects of the bill in detail.

REED.

The suggestion from Mr. Kelly was received with much pleasure, and his statement that the people at the November election be made the judges of the merits of the tariff bill, and the eagerness which Mr. Mills showed in opposing it, only gives an earnest of the fact that the campaign this fall will be fought on tariff lines, and that it will be waged with an intensity of purpose never before equalled. Mr. Breckenridge, of Kentucky, declared that the Democrats intended to have a vote on the bill unless the fourth of March was reached by obstruction. He challenged the Republicans to put their platform in the shape of a legislative proposition, and then take a test vote between that and the pending bill, letting it go to the Senate, if passed by the House.

He suggested that the vote be taken at the end of ten legislative days. Mr. Reed replied that a minority could not pass a bill. It would be absurd to try it.

Mr. Springer, of Illinois, endeavored to have considered a resolution directing the committee on Ways and Means to report a date for taking the vote, but Mr. Kelley objected.

THE NEW NAVAL CRUISERS.

What They Will be Like—Intended to be the Fastest War Vessels Afloat.

WASHINGTON, June 27.—The two 3,000-ton vessels provided for in the naval appropriation bill are to be of the Medea and Medusa type recently built in England. The 5,200-ton ship will be modeled after the Reiner Rinaulto, a new naval vessel built in England for the Brazilian government. The new 7,500-ton line-of-battle ship will be of a type between those of the Inflexible and belted-cruiser class.

The Naval committee of the Senate has given out that it will amend the bill so as to include six light-draught gun-boats for service in the Chinese waters, each to carry four 6-inch breech-loading guns. The battle ship will carry four 12-inch and six 10-inch guns.

It is estimated that the 3,000-ton vessels, those of the Medea type, will have the highest speed yet attained. The Medea is the fastest cruiser ever built.

She will steam 20 knots, or just over 23 miles an hour. She is a steel, twin-screw, protected cruiser, 265 feet in length, 41 feet breadth of beam, and 28 feet depth of hold. With all her weight on board, she will have a freeboard of a little more than 12 feet. Her hull is of ⅜ inch Siemens Martin steel. Her stem is formed as a ram, and the ship throughout has a double-bottom and engineers' cofferdams. Her protected deck is carried from stem to stern at about 4 feet below the water line, there is a protective steel armor.

As further protection the hull is divided into seventy five water-tight compartments, with 400 tons of coal on board she will be able to make a speed of ten knots for 9,200 miles.

The two new 3,000-ton vessels provided for will be like her. They will be armed with six 6-inch breech loading guns in sponsons and on central pivot mounting, nine Hotchkiss quick firing six-pounders, numerous machine guns, and and six torpedo ejectors.

UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA.

The President Attends the Commencement Exercises.

CHARLOTTSVILLE, Va., June 28.—Yesterday was the final day of the commencement exercises of the University of Virginia. Diplomas were delivered, degrees conferred, and the usual exercises of closing day gone through with. At 11:30 o'clock a special train arrived with President Cleveland, Secretaries Bayard and Vilas, Senator-elect Barbour and Congressman O'Ferrall. They were escorted to the *public hall* through the crowds that lined the streets. President Cleveland conferred the degrees of Master of Arts and Doctor of Philology and Science upon the graduates.

At the conclusion of the ceremonies he held an informal reception and shook hands with two or three thousand people. Later in the day the President and party were the guests of the Alumni, at luncheon held in the library and at which 200 people sat down. The President responded to the toast "The President of the United States." He said:

"I first have to thank you for electing me a member of your society. I hope your calling for me so soon after I have become one of you is not intended as a foretaste of what you intend to do with me. Your orator said to-day that a friend of his enjoyed himself talking. I am not that sort of a man. A noted Virginian, not Thomas Jefferson, said to me yesterday, that the best thing to do in a predicament such as I find myself in to-day was to excuse myself and sit down. The latter part of the advice is easy to take, but the former is not. The first part is something like playing the fiddle; it looks easy but it is not. I have no excuse and cannot plead ill-health or a previous engagement. Still, I am ashamed that I have nothing to say. I bethought myself that your institution is the work of a man who, in his young days, established a government which he afterwards managed, and in the maturity of his powers laid the foundation of his great seat of learning. It was his purpose at the beginning to place politics among the studies which he thought should be pursued here. I was glad that politics that he referred to were very different from the politics to which we are accustomed to-day.

"I wonder how much attention is paid to politics here by the students and alumni. We hear a great deal about the student in politics. As to whether it is a good or bad thing depends much on the student. I should say that if he were a student of politics it would be a very good thing. Every small boy in the country expects to be President. An experience of a little more than three years does not make me feel very kindly toward office-seekers. Still, the ambition is a laudable one. I should hope that every student would want to be President, and desiring to encourage the aspiration I ought not to say much on the subject. I don't want to dampen their ardor by telling too much about it.

"While the perplexities of the office are great they are the perplexities of the highest place in the United States, and in its occupant is reposed the confidence of the greatest people on earth."

Secretary Bayard responded to the toast "The Jurisdiction of the United States," Secretary Vilas to "The Cabinet," Governor Lee to "The Governor of Virginia," and Senator Voorhees to "The Congress of the United States."

After luncheon the Presidential party visited Monticello and the grave of Jefferson, and at 5 o'clock left on a special train for Washington.

WASHINGTON, June 28.—The President and party returned at midnight from Charlottesville.

IN THE HOUSE.

A Lively Discussion by Prominent Members.

WASHINGTON, June 29.—In answer to Mr. Mills's assertion that the Republicans wanted free whisky, Mr. J. D. Taylor, or Ohio, challenged the statement. All persons of the Republican party were in favor of abolishing internal taxes, because they believed it to be unwise as a system. That the Republican party was in favor of free whisky was absurd.

Mr. Mills—"All I have to say is the platform of the Republican party says it favors the repeal of internal taxes." (Shouts—"Oh, no," from Republicans.) "It says it favors taking the tax off of alcohol used in the arts. If that is not enough, it is in favor of taking off all internal taxes. That is what is understood in the country as being in favor of free whisky."

Mr. Kelley, of Pennsylvania, said no man who had read or heard what he had said on the subject of internal taxation since the close of the war, was justified in charging him with being in favor of free whisky. He never favored it. He advocated the repeal of war taxes, which Jefferson denounced as an infernal system. He denounced that infernal system which Madison and Monroe hastened to repeal at the end of four years, when such taxes had been resorted to as a war measure. He had demanded that the Democracy should walk in the footsteps of the fathers of that party and should maintain its holiest precedents by removing the supervision of the National government from the fields, factories and orchards of the South.

He had demanded that Democrats carry out their platform of 1884, which promised the abolition of internal taxes. The gentleman from Texas (Mills) could not deny that it was a Democratic promise of 1884 to the tobacco growers, fruit growers, and distilleries of the South that they should be released from national surveillance and supervision. He had asked that this great source of revenue be remitted to the people of the states under state law, and to the municipalities of the state and those governments which bore the burden of crime, vice and insanity should have whatever revenue might me justly devised from a source so fruitful of crime and misery as the whisky business.

He is in favor of free whisky? It was a dire party necessity which made the chairman of the Ways and Means committee make such charges against him personally or as the representative of his party. A Democrat of old he stood by the teachings of the founders of the party and of the framers of its doctrines, and asked the Democrats of to-day to keep faith with the people of the South who had been deluded into their support four years ago by their lying promises to remove internal taxes. [Applause on the Republican side.]

MR. REED RISES.

Mr. Reed, of Maine, thought the gentleman from Texas did not mean to be believed when he said the Republican party was for free whisky, because the gentleman knew there would not be enough Democrats left to make up an electoral ticket in half the states of the Union if they had confidence in the statement. [Laughter.] The gentleman, if he had taken the trouble to read the Chicago platform, knew his statement was one of those assertions worthy of the dignity of the stump and not of the position of the chairman of the committee on Ways and Means of the House of Representatives.

The gentleman knew the position of the Republican party on this subject is too simple to be turned in this way, but if the Democratic party should ever commence a campaign without a false statement its own friends would not know it. [Laughter]. That party had disguised their own position; now it was trying to disguise the Republican position. What the convention had said was that after having removed all unsuitable taxes, after having tried every other method of reducing taxes consistent with the maintenance of the system of protection, if the Republicans had to choose between internal taxes and the protective system, they would stand by the system of protection for American industries.

If the gentleman from Texas meant to say that he would hang on to the whisky monopoly and give it protection, let him say so openly and honestly and not get behind miscellaneous sentences which meant nothing. The legislature of Virginia, which was two-thirds Democratic, adopted a resolution declaring it to be the duty of Congress to secure the repeal of the internal revenue system. Was the Democratic legislature of Virginia in favor of free whisky?

No Democrat has been elected in Tennessee who is not pledged to use his best efforts to secure the repeal of the internal taxes. Was the Democratic party of Tennessee in favor of free whisky? The gentleman from Texas had better remember the position he occupied and not deport himself in the way when he found himself far off in the pampas of his own Texas. [Laughter.]

One Public Building That Will be Properly Attended To.

WASHINGTON, June 29.—Persons visiting Washington have, perhaps, regarded the capitol as complete, but it is, in fact, an unfinished building, and the House has just appropriated $100,000 for a grand portico and staircase at the west front. However false an economy may prevail with senators and representatives in regarding other public buildings, they all know better than to put chap work on the Capitol. Originally the east front of the building was intended as the real front, but placing the President's house back of the Capitol caused the city of Washington to be built behind the Capitol hill. Now, so the west front had to be made as grand and imposing as the east. Two or three years ago Congress appropriated over $300,000 for the new marble terrace, which is now complete. It adds immeasurably to the beauty of the building, as it apparently gives an additional story, thus doing away with the heavy effect of the dome. The Capitol is a very good standard for judging of the great extent of certain historic structures. Two other creations in stone have almost the identical proportions of the Capitol. One is the great Pyramid, the other is St. Peter's. There is not the difference of a dozen feet in the length of any of the three.

CLEVELAND'S AUTOCRACY.

He Makes a Bureau Clerk Superior to the United States Congress.

WASHINGTON, June 30.—Senator Davis *to-day submitted* to the Senate the report of the committee on pensions upon eight vetoed pension bills, the merits of which the report discusses in detail, and the passage of which is recommended in the objections of the President notwithstanding.

The more interesting and important features of the report are embodied in a discussion of the veto power and the dangers which, in the opinion of the committee, its too frequent exercise is fraught. It says:

"Since the eighth day of May, 1886, 136 special acts granting pensions to individuals have been disapproved by the President. These disapprovals were based, in a great majority of cases, upon the expressed opinion of the President that Congress has erred in its judgment upon mere questions of fact. * * * It is of course, impossible for the President to examine the mass of documentary evidence upon which each case depends, and which is invariably examined by the committee, and it follows that when he disagrees with Congress upon the questions of fact in these cases, his objections must be based upon the reports of the committee, in which the facts are always stated with sufficient fullness, but upon the report of some subordinate in the bureau of pensions.

"The bureau, whose action Congress has reversed, is thus enabled to review the action of Congress by the express direction of the President. This method of consideration is an abridgement by the executive of the exercise of the right of Congress to waive that strict proof which is required in ordinary cases in the department.

Usurpations move rapidly in republics from small objects to those of the greatest concern. That the power exists in the executive to disapprove any legislative measure can not be denied. But the duty undeniably also exists that it shall not be used in such a manner, or upon any occasion or pretext, as to make its exercise operate as an encroachment upon the powers of other departments of the government. * * * The right to so use the power of executive disapproval as to change the ordinary method of legislative action by a majority vote, upon proper subjects of legislation, merely because the executive differs from congress upon the sufficiency of proof or the expediency of relief, does not, in the opinion of your committee, exist.

Such misconception of the extent of the executive power, making it limitless, is fraught with danger to the independence of Congress and to its constitutional powers, and it clearly implies that a factious or usurping President, who purposes to subordinate to his will that department to which the constitution has confided the principal powers of government, can rightfully do this and prevent the will of the people from taking statutory form, except by a two-third's vote of each house of Congress.

WARMED UP.

Some Rhetorical Shooting on the Senatorial Skirmish Line.

WASHINGTON, June 30.—(Special.)—There was a great deal of interest manifested in the proceedings of the Senate yesterday afternoon, when that body resumed consideration of the army appropriation bill, the pending amendment being that of Dr. Hawley, appropriating $6,300,000 for the establishment of a gun factory and for steel manufacture at Watervliet arsenal.

Mr. Gorman said the reason why he had raised the point of order yesterday on the amendment was that he thought that this was not the proper time and place for such a proposition. He did not believe the terms of the amendment were sufficiently guarded to protect the interests of the country in beginning such a great enterprise. It proposed to place the whole $6,300,000 in the hands of the Ordnance Bureau, system which was generally regarded as vicious, bad and sure to result in disaster.

Mr. Hawley said the amendment merely proposed to do for the army exactly what has been done for the navy. The proposition of the Senator from Maryland, if he (Hawley) understood it, was that private concerns should be invited to make a perfect gun. But he (Hawley) asserted that no large steel manufacturer in the country would undertake on any terms that the government would listen to, or the people sanction, to build a twelve or sixteen inch gun in its own shops, purely for experiment. Would the Senator, himself, if he had two or three millions invested in steel works, spend another million in putting up a plant in order to turn out a single perfected gun—which might be rejected when made? No private manufacturer would do it. After the harrassing experience of old John Roach (a man who had done honor to the country) not one manufacturer would spend a million dollars in making a gun. He defended the ordinance officers of the army and navy, to whom, he said, the grossest injustice had been done.

SENATOR HAWLEY.

Mr. Hawley stated, in reply to a question previously asked, that with the appropriation of $5,000,000, 270 guns would be constructed, but that it would take five or six years to expend the five millions. If the American people were driven to war, and were unmilitated, then the men who argued against the policy of providing guns would hide themselves and would call upon the mountains to fall upon them. The English themselves were surprised at the carelessness of the United States in regard to war preparations and asked was there ever such a happy-go-lucky reliance on luck since the world began. The country, with its 50,000,000, was a monstrous mass of potential power; but against modern steel guns it was no more effective than a dead whale

Mr. Plumb ridiculed the suggestion as to what English opinion of this country was, and said that if the senator from Connecticut did not like to hear it he had better stay at home. If this country had been guided by European opinion it never would have had a republic.

Mr. Stewart spoke of the United States as being "a good fat goose to be plucked by any one," and spoke of the alarm felt at San Francisco a couple of years ago when trouble with Chili was apprehended.

He was reminded by Mr. Plumb that England had paid $15,000,000 under the Alabama award; and he replied that that was because the United States had then a great navy, and because all the world was then in awe of it. But times had changed; and a treaty such as the Alabama treaty would not be made now.

Mr. Cockrell spoke sarcastically of the frenzy exhibited (as he said) by the senators from Connecticut and Nevada. He could almost imagine the British red coats coming down from the skies; landing on American soil; driving back the timid Yankees and levying contributions on American cities.

"They burned the capital once," Mr. Hawley suggested.

"Yes, they burned the capital once," said Mr. Cockrell, "and they regret it to this day."

"So do we," was Mr. Hawley's laconic rejoinder.

"No, sir," said Mr. Cockrell, "we do not regret it. I do not regret it. The American people do not regret it."

Without having come to a vote on the bill or amendment the Senate adjourned till 11 a. m. to-morrow.

CHIEF JUSTICE FULLER.

His Nomination May Be Confirmed at Any Time by the Senate.

WASHINGTON, July 2.—(Special.)—The Senate committee on the Judiciary has decided to report back the nomination of Melville W Fuller, to be chief justice, without any recommendation. This has been decided after a long consideration of his fitness for the office to which he was appointed by the above committee. It is the general opinion among the members of Congress that his nomination may be confirmed at any time now, as there are enough Republican senators who will vote for him to assure it. Many charges have been presented by Mr. Fuller's acquaintances in Chicago to show that he was not a fit person to occupy a seat on the highest court in the country, and the Senate committee, with all the facts before them, have not seen fit to recommend his confirmation.

MELVILLE W. FULLER.

OUR FINANCES.

The Statement of the Condition of the United States Treasury During June.

WASHINGTON, July 3.—The following is a recapitulation of the debt statement issued to day:

Interest Bearing Debt.

Bonds at 4½ per cent.	$ 222,207,050
Bonds at 4 per cent.	714,177,400
Refunding certificates at 4 per cent.	138,050
Navy pension fund at 3 per cent.	14,000,000
Pacific railroad bonds at 6 per cent.	64,623,512
Principal	1,015,146,012
Interest	11,624,205
Total	$1,026,770,217

Debt on which Interest has Ceased Since Maturity.

Principal	$ 2,496,095
Interest	168,267
Total	$ 2,664,362

Debt Bearing No Interest.

Old demand and legal tender notes	346,737,823
Certificates of deposit	14,415,000
Gold certificates	119,887,370
Silver certificates	200,387,376
Fractional currency, less $8,375,934, estimated as lost or destroyed	6,922,643
Principal	$ 688,350,212

Total Debt.

Principal	$1,705,992,320
Interest	11,792,173
Total	$1,717,784,793
Less cash items available for reduction of the debt	348,979,672
Less reserve held for redemption of U. S. notes	100,000,000
Total	448,979,672
Total debt—less available cash items	$1,268,805,121
Net cash in the treasury	103,220,464

Debt less cash in the treasury July 1, 1888	1,165,584,656
Debt less cash in the treasury June 1, 1888	$ 1,180,014,159
Decrease of debt during month	$ 14,429,503
Decrease of debt since June 30, 1887	113,844,080

Cash in Treasury Available for the Reduction of the Pubic Debt.

Gold held for gold certificates actually outstanding	$ 119,887,370
Silver held for silver certificates actually outstanding	200,387,376
U. S. notes held for certificates of deposit actually outstanding	14,415,000
Cash held for matured debt and interest unpaid	14,288,568
Fractional currency	1,357
Total available for reduction of the debt	$ 348,979,671

Reserve Fund.

Held for redemption of U. S. notes, acts of January 14, 1875, and July 12, 1882	$ 100,000,000

Unavailable for Reduction of the Debt.

Fractional silver coin	$ 26,051,741
Minor coin	112,035
Total	$ 26,163,776
Certificates held as cash	51,490,176
Net cash balance on hand	103,220,464
Total cash in treasury as shown by the treasurer's general account	$ 629,854,087

THE TIMBER CUTTERS.

The Investigation Taking Place Before the Senate Committee.

WASHINGTON, July 3.—The Senate Select committee on Indian traderships resumed its investigation last night into the charges of fraud in the letting of timber contracts on the Chippewa Indian lands in Wisconsin. D. L. McKay, state lumber inspector of Chippewa Falls, Wis., was called to the stand to testify as to the value of stumpage on Indian reservations in that district, one of the charges being that the Indians on the Chippewa reservation were not paid the full value of their timber.

Witness during the last season purchased about 25,000,000 feet of timber for other persons on the Flambeau river. The average stumpage price has been about $4 per thousand, or 25 cents more than Agent Gregory had stated was the highest price ever paid any Chippewa Indians for stumpage. On cross-examination witness said that his lumber was not cut from the Flambeau reservation nor from lands immediately adjacent to it.

His lumber did not have to be driven so far down stream as the lumber in regard to which the investigation was ordered.

William McKinnon, of Chippewa county, Wis., testified to having gone on the Flambeau reservation for the purpose of making contracts with the Indians for timber. He gave the Indians about $1,000 under verbal agreements, and when he asked Agent Gregory about making contracts was told they would not be legal. Afterwards Gregory let Sherman and others make contracts. Witness was not successful in efforts he made after hearing of Sherman's contracts and had finally left the reservation, losing the advances made except $100, received from Capt. Henry, who took one of his contracts.

It looked to witness as if somebody else always got in ahead anyway and he quit. The average value of the timber he estimated at $4 a thousand, and some of it which Sherman cut was worth $5. Witness here agreed to pay the Indians $2.25 and $3.25, which was higher as he understood than had been previously offered, though he admitted on cross examination, not as much as the timber was worth.

A FIGHTING CONGRESSMAN.

Mr. Lagan Attacks a Newspaper Correspondent, Who Beats a Retreat.

WASHINGTON, July 3.—Just before the House was called to order this morning, a little scene occurred which attracted a good deal of attention.

Congressman Lagan, of Louisiana, feeling angered at an article which appeared lately in the New Orleans *City Item*, took advantage of the presence of the correspondent of that paper, William B. Lynch, to express his feelings. Some angry words ensued, and the Congressman, seizing the correspondent by the lappel of his coat, pushed him out of the east door. Mr. Lynch offered no resistance and walked quietly away, while Mr Lagan was much excited, threatening to follow up the attack.

Congress.

June 26—Senate—The Senate proceeded with the consideration of the legislative, executive and judicial appropriation bill. After some debate, there being no quorum present, the Senate adjourned.

House—The public land bill was considered, but not disposed of.

June 27.—Senate—The House amendments to Senate bills authorizing the construction of bridges across the Ouachita river, Arkansas; the Mississippi river at Muscatine, Ia.; the Missouri river at Nebraska City, Neb.; the Columbia river between Oregon and Washington territory, the Missouri river at Parkville, the Mississippi river at Ocaquan, Ill., and the Mississippi river at Clinton Ia., were severally concurred in. The Senate then proceeded to the consideration of the river and harbor appropriation bill.

House—Bill passed: For sale of public lands.

June 28.—Senate—The river and harbor bill was partially considered. Resolution offered. Extending for 30 days the appropriations of the current fiscal year. The army bill was then taken up but not disposed of.

House.—The tariff bill was considered at length. Resolution adopted Extending for 30 days the provisions of present appropriation bill.

June 29.—Senate—The army appropriation bill was considered. Committees of conference were appointed on the legislative, the diplomatic and consular and the District of Columbia appropriation bills. Resolution adopted: Extending the appropriations for the present fiscal year for 30 days from June 30 in the departments of the government for which the appropriation bills for next year shall not have become a law.

House—The day was spent considering the tariff bill.

June 30.—Senate—The river and harbor bill was further considered, but no action was taken. The conference report on diplomatic and consular bill was agreed to.

House—The 4th of July claims bill was passed. The Mills bill was further considered.

July 1.—Senate—The river and harbor bill was considered and passed. Resolutions adopted: Extending the states of Florida and Louisiana the joint resolution of May 14, 1888, relating to the disposal of public lands in certain states, directing the secretary of the treasury to furnish correspondence and information relative to the arrangement made for traffic between Suspension bridge and Detroit, whereby merchandise is allowed to be conveyed on the great Western railway of Canada without payment of duty on completion of the railroad bridge across the Niagara river in 1885.

House—Bill introduced: Providing for the control and regulation of railroads acquired by the United States under judicial foreclosure or forfeiture. (This is the bill introduced by Mr. Anderson, of Iowa, in April last. It is a very long measure and Mr. Anderson demanded its reading in full in order to consume time and prevent as he said, possible the offering of a motion for the passage of the Union Pacific funding bill. The time of the House was taken up by reading the bill for some time, and after its conclusion Mr. Anderson was again on his feet, and he immediately introduced a bill to establish a municipal code for the District of Columbia—a volume of 321 pages—and called that unwieldy. Half an hour was then consumed in an ineffectual effort to break the deadlock. Mr. Hatch (Mo.) said that it was perfectly evident that the reading of the bill would consume all the time up to 5 o'clock, when the House would have to adjourn under the rules, and therefore, for the convenience of members and clerks he moved an adjournment and at 3:20 the motion prevailed.

MINNERPOLIS MILLERS.

What the Mills Have Been Doing—Receipts of Flour and Grain Past Week.

MINNEAPOLIS, June 28.—The *Northwestern Miller* to-day says: With all the mills idle Saturday for the millers' picnic, the average daily output of flour for last week was brought down to a pretty low figure. The total production for the week was 100,200 barrels, averaging 18,200 barrels daily, against 111,400 barrels the previous week and 121,500 barrels for the corresponding time in 1887.

The mills are running a little stronger this week, nineteen being in operation and producing 22,000 barrels of flour per day. They may, however, be shut down before the week is over, which will make the production considerably lighter on the average. There is perhaps a trifle better demand for flour from the East, but the orders taken are usually small and scattered over a very wide territory. Prices continue to shrink away, and are now considered exteemely low.

A five cents per barrel cut in freight rates now being obtained by most millers on domestic shipments as well as export, and they are helped out that much. Quite fair sales of straight flour for export have lately been made by one or more firms, to be shipped promptly, but as a rule millers claim that the export market is practically dead.

The direct exports of flour last week were 31,700 barrels, against 29,000 barrels the preceding week.

Receipts for the week ending June 26—Wheat, 460,000 bushels; flour, 430 barrels; millstuff, 14 tons. Shipments—Wheat, 132,810 bushels; flour, 100,000 barrels; millstuff, 3,006 tons. Wheat in store—Minneapolis, 6,061,791 bushels; St Paul, 235,000; Duluth, 4,828,604.

ZACHAR'S FAST.

Forty-one Days Without Food—How Much Longer Can Him Soul Abide?

RACINE, Wis., June 29.—Zachar, the faster, is keeping up his intention of beating the world's record. He has now been 41 days without food. He remains in bed most of the time now, sleeping quietly. He is quite thin, and looks like a man who has passed through a severe spell of sickness but convalescing.

It finally came to that he still persists in refusing all food offered him. He spends his mornings in bed, and on pleasant afternoons wraps himself up in a blanket and goes out in the yard and sits under a tree.

He will not take anything, not even his medicine from any one but his physician. That Zachar is demented is certain; he is very quiet, and when he talks is rational in his remarks; but his mind is firm on the subject of food. He gets a little angry when pressed to eat, and says he knows his own business, and when he wants anything he will let them know. How much longer nature will be able to sustain life in this man is a question.

The likelihood that he will continue to live for ten or twelve days more is very good, as he has not yet reached the stage of extreme weakness but retains considerable vitality. The only thing that can be said with certainty is that Zachar is on the forty-second day of his self imposed fast, is in much better condition than would seem possible, and there is no speculating with any degree of certainty when nature will succumb to the tremendous strain placed upon it.

DESTROYED THE MOTHS.

A Janesville Residence Burned in Protecting the Carpets.

JANESVILLE, Wis., June 28.—Senator A. P. Lovejoy's residence was damaged $2,300 by fire this morning. The house has been overrun lately by buffalo moths, and gasoline was being used to prevent further inroads. There was an open fire in the room by which the gasoline was ignited, the flames sweeping through the front rooms of the house.

Cost of the National Convention.

CHICAGO, July 3.—The total cost of the Republican National convention, it was ascertain to-day, is $30,600. A deficit of $700 exists, but will be readily subscribed. The three largest items of expense were: $7,000 to the Auditorium association for hall rent; $2,700 for electric lighting; and $5,00 for entertaining the members of the National committee.

Michigan Forest Fires.

CHARLEVOIX, Mich., July 2.—Forest fires are raging in this vicinity. Smithsons' camp, six miles south, is in great danger. Two fire engines from this place have been working since yesterday afternoon to save the lumber yards and mills.

THE IRON WORKERS.

They Fail to Agree on a Scale and a Shut Down Will Follow.

PITTSBURG, June 30.—The iron workers' strike is now on and by to-day all the mills will be idle. The conference of the wages committees of the Amalgamated association and iron manufacturers was short and decisive. The workers' representatives stated that the lodges had voted upon the question of a reduction and had decided almost unanimously to reject it.

The manufacturers then stated in language just as positive that they would not pay present wages. There was but little discussion and the conference adjourned *sine die*, after being in session but 25 minutes. The members of the Amalgamated association went into consultation at once at their headquarters, and will have their scale presented to the manufacturers to sign or reject as they see proper.

Secretary Martin, of the Amalgamated Association, received news to the effect that the Laughlin and Junction Steel Companies, at Mingo, O., had signed the scale. Should all the mills close down fully 100,000 men will be affected.

Thirteen Firms Have Signed the Scale.

PITTSBURG, Pa., June 3.—The iron lockout presented no new features to-day. No more signatures were obtained by the Amalgamated people to their scale up to noon, and there were no indications of either side giving in.

The manufacturers say that before they decided to resist the workmen's scale, they calculated that certain firms would sign the scale, and they look for at least two more mills to resume before the end of the week.

The signing of the scale by these few firms they claim, however, will have no effect on the general situation, as there are 71 firms in the Western association who are determined to resist the scale.

Moorhead, McCleare & Co. paid off their men to-day and closed down indefinitely. In speaking of the lockout to-day, Max Moorhead said:

"There are some firms that cannot afford to remain idle. We can, and unless the men give in we shall not start before November. In the present condition of the market it is doubtful whether we should resume before September under any circumstances."

The workmen appear to be well satisfied with the result so far, and confidently assert that the lock-out will not last very long. The thirteen firms that have signed the scale operate sixteen mills and employ about 12,000 men.

A Youngstown dispatch says there is no change in the situation there. All outgoing trains are crowded with iron workers and their families going to visit friends.

CRUSH THE TRUSTS.

The New York Attorney General to Bring the Sugar Refineries Into Court at an Early Date.

NEW YORK, July 3.—The *Times* says: "The attorney general of this state heard arguments on May 14 in support of petitions in which he was urged to bring suit against the sugar refineries company, commonly called the sugar trust, and against one of the corporations absorbed by that organization. He has now decided that it is important to ascertain by judicial investigation whether the allegations set forth in the petition are true.

"It is stated that application will at once be made to the Supreme court for leave to bring an action in the name of the people against the North River Sugar Refining company. The permission of the court is not required in the case of the trust, and for that reason it is possible for the attorney general to proceed against the trust without much delay.

"Since we began to expose the trade conspiracies whose aim is to kill competition, restrict production and extort high prices from consumers we have repeatedly pointed out that the laws of this state and of other states afford a remedy, especially so far as actual trusts are concerned.

"It is desirable that these state laws should be tested, and consumers everywhere will rejoice when they know that in this state they are to be tested in proceedings against a fully developed trust which exacts tribute in all parts of the land. The North River Refining company ceased to do business after it had been absorbed by the ring.

"The attorney general was asked to bring suit against it under the statute which empowers him to take such actions for the purpose of vacating the charter or annulling the existence of a corporation whenever such corporation shall have forfeited its charter by abuse of its powers, or shall have forfeited its privileges or franchises by failure to exercise the same, or shall have done or omitted any act which amounts to a surrender of its corporate rights, privileges and franchises.

"He was asked to bring suit also upon the ground that the corporation had broken the law by engaging in such a combination as the courts have always declared to be unlawful, and had entered into a conspiracy to commit an act 'injurious to trade or commerce.'

The law also says that the attorney-general may sue in the name of the people and upon his own information, or upon the complaint of any private party, any person who has usurped any franchise in this state, or any association or number of persons who act within the state "as a corporation without being duly incorporated." This is the statute which is to be used against the trust itself, whose operations clearly fall under the provisions of the same.

GROWING GRAIN.

The Condition of the Farm Products Throughout the Land.

CHICAGO, July 3.—The summary in the *Farmer's Review* says: The winter wheat crop is sufficiently matured to enable farmers to estimate the probable yield. Following are the estimates of the yield per acre: Illinois, 13.5 bushels; Wisconsin, 22.6 bushels; Indiana, 11 bushels; Michigan, 12 bushels; Ohio, 9.2 bushels; Missouri, 10 bushels; Iowa, 18 bushels; Minnesota, 20 bushels; Kansas, 16.8 bushels; Nebraska, 13.5 bushels.

Spring wheat crop by states: Illinois, 92.6 per ct.; Wisconsin, 82 per ct.; Michigan, 90 per ct.; Missouri, 105 per ct.; Iowa, 94.3 per ct.; Minnesota, 97.1 per ct.; Kansas, 90 per ct.; Nebraska, 101 per ct. Condition of corn crop—Illinois, 98 per ct.; Wisconsin, 86.3 per ct.; Michigan, 97.1 per ct.; Ohio, 96.2 per ct.; Indiana, 96.2 per ct.; Missouri, 95 per ct.; Iowa, 91.4 per ct.; Minnesota, 97.1 per ct.; Kansas, 108.3 per ct.; Nebraska, 101.1 per ct.

Pastures are somewhat improved in condition on account of the recent rains. The prospects are that the hay crop will be light. Potatoes promise well, and the prospect for apples is rather better. Peaches are good in Eastern states, but a light crop is expected elsewhere. Oats are looking well.

LOOKING FOR MULES.

Barnum at Work Fixing Up His Committee.

WASHINGTON, June 28.—Mr. William H. Barnum, chairman of the National Democratic Committee called at the White House to-day and had a short interview with the President in regard to the composition of the Democratic campaign committee.

The President suggested several names, but it is impossible at present to learn them.

A reporter of the Associated Press saw Mr. Barnum late in the day, and was informed that he was unable yet, prepared to announce the committee, but would do so soon.

He was going to New York to-night, he said, and would give out the names of the committee in that city. He had decided to give them to the Associated Press so that all the newspapers in the country might announce them at the same time.

SUPPORTS THE TICKET.

A Blaine Bolter Who is for Harrison and Morton.

RIO, Wis., June 28.—L. H. Doyle, editor of the Columbia county *Reporter*, who four years ago bolted the nomination of James G. Blaine, will announce in the next issue of his paper that he will support the Republican ticket headed by Harrison and Morton.

Came to America for Brains.

PITTSBURG, July 3.—Charles A. Ashburner, of the United States Geological survey stationed in this city, has received an offer from the Shah of Persia to take charge of the government engineering corps now being organized in that country. At present nothing but Turquoise is mined in Persia, and the Shah expects to discover valuable deposits of coal, iron, petroleum and possibly the precious metals. Mr. Ashburner has not yet accepted.

A Contagious Disease.

WASHINGTON, July 3.—Information having been received at the treasury department of the existence of contagious disease among cattle in the neighborhood of Tra. Grey county, Ontario, Assistant Secretary Maynard has instructed the collectors of customs at Buffalo and Suspension Bridge, to refuse entry and importation of cattle from that district.

AT GETTYSBURG.

Grand Times on the Old Battle Grounds.

GETTYSBURG, Pa., July 3.—A grand time was had on the battle-fields of Gettysburg yesterday, and the pleasing scenes will be repeated to-day, with only a change of incidents.

At 10 o'clock the five regiments of Green's brigrade, the Seventy-eighth, One Hundred and Second, Sixtieth, One Hundred and Thirty-seventh and One Hundred and Forty-ninth New York dedicated their monuments on Culp's Hill, and immediately afterward a re-union of the brigade was held. Maj. Gen. Henry J. Slocum, who commanded the right of the Federal line during the battle, and Brig. Gen. Geo. S. Green, the brigade commander, made addresses.

At the same hour Sickles' Excelsior brigade, made of the Seventieth, Seventy-first, Seventy-second, Seventy-third and Seventy-fourth New York regiments, met at the site of the brigade monument and held the dedicatory exercises. Owing to some unexplainable trouble the monument, the position of which is near the peach orchard, is not finished and the foundation is the only thing in place. General Sickles was to have unveiled the memorial, but this was dispensed with. Dr. Buckley, former chaplain of the First regiment, made the prayer. Dr. Twitchell delivered the oration, and Dr. Buckley read an original poem entitled "Excelsior." Appropriate musical selections interspersed the exercises.

At half-past 9 o'clock, the members of the Irish brigade, composed of the Sixty-third, Sixty-ninth and Eighty-eighth New York infantry, marched to the Catholic church, where requiem mass for those who fell in the battle was celebrated by Father Sunkett and Corby. It was the latter who, just before the brigade went into battle on the afternoon of the 2d, blessed and absolved them. The party then proceeded to the monument near the "Loop," back of the "Devil's den," where the exercises of dedication were held. Gen. Corby, Sergeant Bernie N. Burke made addresses, and Mrs. Rice-Knox and other ladies led the singing.

In addition to these memorials there were dedicated the monuments of the following regiments:

Battery D, First New York Artillery; the Sixty-second New York (Anderson Zouaves); the Sixty-fourth New York; the Fourth New York Independent Battery; the Eighty-sixth New York; the Sixty-eighth Pennsylvania (Scott Legion); the Ninety-eighth Pennsylvania; the One Hundred and Forty fifth New York; the One hundred and Tenth Pennsylvania; the Forty-first New York Infantry; the One Hundred and Fifth Pensylvania; the Sixty-second Pennsylvania; the Fifty-second New York; the Fortieth New York; the Fifteenth New York Battery and the Ninth New York Cavalry.

At 2 o'clock the corner stone of the "Memorial Church of the Prince of Peace" was formally laid in the presence of thousands of people. The question of the erection of this edifice has been agitated for a number of years, and one of the former Episcopal rectors collected a quantity of stones inscribed with either the names of the donators or that of some comrade or friend who had fallen in the rebellion. These will be placed in the inside of the church tower. Bishop Howe, of the Central diocese of the Episcopal church, laid the corner-stone.

The great event of yes